

THE CRITIC

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A Guide for the Library and Book-Club, and Booksellers' Circular.

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NOTICE.

On Saturday, February 28th, 1846, THE CRITIC was enlarged, from 24 to 32 pages, making it the LARGEST LITERARY JOURNAL IN EUROPE. Back numbers, to complete sets, may be had, or Vols. I. and II. may be had, handsomely bound, price only 10s. each.

TO READERS.

THE next number will close this third volume of the new series of THE CRITIC, and the following week will commence the fourth.

We take the liberty of thus early reminding the many friends of THE CRITIC, of the near approach of the beginning of a new volume, because it affords an opportunity for new subscribers, and as on past occasions they have done, we ask our readers again to do, namely, to make known this fact among their friends, with any recommendations their own experience of THE CRITIC may prompt. One timely word thus spoken is more efficient than a dozen advertisements.

As the completed volumes of THE CRITIC will now occupy a considerable space upon the book-shelf, it may fairly claim to take its place among the established journals of Great Britain, and no efforts will be spared to maintain the position it has achieved, slowly indeed, but, therefore, the more surely.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the numerous improvements recently introduced will not only be continued, but extended. A glance at the advertisements will shew, that the prejudices naturally felt at first against so bold an innovation as an independent Literary Journal, are fast disappearing before experience of the spirit in which THE CRITIC is conducted. It is found that truthful criticism, if written with honest kindness, and not with a pen dipped in gall, is beneficial alike to authors and booksellers, by encouraging true merit in the former, and saving the latter from many bad speculations. Therefore it is that they who formerly refused encouragement are now, one after another, coming forward with hearty support, sending their new publications for review, and making our columns the medium for their advertisements. If we were permitted to print the letters of cordial approval, and of exhortation to perseverance in the same course, from publishers some of whose books we have deemed it a duty to condemn, the great change that has been wrought in opinion as to the utility of impartial reviewing, in quarters where it can scarcely fail to produce temporary annoyance, would at once astonish and delight those who share with us the anxiety to exalt the status of literature and literary men in this country.

To that very numerous and influential class of our

subscribers, the country booksellers, we prefer the same request, that they will make known in serviceable quarters the approaching commencement of a new volume.

It remains with our friends of the various classes—publishers—authors—booksellers—readers—what shall be the extent of future improvements. As we have stated before, we now repeat, THE CRITIC is not established for purposes of profit. It desires only to become *influential*. To secure this will all its proceeds be expended by enrolling among its contributors the most accomplished writers in every department. It is our ambition, that some day its columns shall circulate the thoughts of the foremost men of the age. Already it has partially accomplished an object equally to be desired, namely, to introduce to the public genius before unknown. It will be pleasing to learn that some of the most powerful and eloquent articles that have recently appeared in THE CRITIC were the compositions of men previously never heard of beyond the circle of a small provincial town, but whose names will assuredly one day be held in honour among the gifted of their generation.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

Original Letters illustrative of English History; including numerous Royal Letters, from Autographs in the British Museum, the State Paper Office, and one or two other Collections. With Notes and Illustrations by Sir HENRY ELLIS, K.H. F.R.S. Sec. S. A., Principal Librarian of the British Museum. Third Series. In 2 vols. London, 1846. Bentley.

ALTHOUGH not history, we have here the most valuable materials for history. All personages who have public functions to perform, possess two characters, the official and the natural, often in direct opposition; so that revelations of the former throw no light upon the features of the other. It is the fault of historians that they have treated too much the one to the neglect of the latter: they have lavished their descriptive powers upon the monarch, and told us very little about the man; and since the delightful gossip of the Chroniclers, English literature has been refreshed with but few histories of the class that interests by its minuteness of detail, until "The Pictorial History of England" proved how rich a field was yet unexplored, and set an example whose success we hope will stimulate others to follow it.

Sir HENRY ELLIS has contributed largely to the stores of our personal acquaintance with the famous personages of the past by the valuable collection of letters of which the third series is now before us, and two volumes of

more curious and interesting material have been seldom given to the reading public. They are not for the library of reference alone, but for perusal from the beginning to the end, in the family circle as well as by the student, and to the book-club they will be indispensable. Here we have no less than *two hundred and fifty-six* letters of royal and famous personages; a description of a few of which will best exhibit the character of the collection. Here are some half-dozen from Archbishop LANFRANC, on occasions of importance, such as to ROGER Earl of Hereford, when his fidelity to the Conqueror became suspected, and so forth. By HENRY I. to Archbishop ANSELM, then abroad, upon his accession to the throne, expressing the unwillingness with which he had been consecrated King by other hands than those of the Primate. Further on we find a letter presenting a journal of EDWARD III.'s last expedition against the Scots; another from MICHAEL STENO, Doge of Venice, to King HENRY III. stating the particulars of the Duke of NORFOLK's debt to ANTONIO BEMBO and GIOVANNI CANE; from HENRY IV. to TIMUR BEG, written in 1402; from HENRY V. to the Bishop of DURHAM, to provide the Queen's physician with some benefice, shewing that the Church then monopolized the profession of medicine as well as of law; from HENRY VI. to the Abbot of St. Edmondsbury, for the loan of a hundred marks, preparatory to his marriage, and "when kings are debtors it is not customary to expect payment"; from RICHARD III. to the authorities of the town of Gloucester, with permission to wear his livery; from EDWARD HOWARD, third son of THOMAS, second Duke of Norfolk, to Cardinal WOLSEY, the writer being overwhelmed in debt, and entreating for employment in the king's service. Indeed, the correspondence of the great Cardinal occupies a considerable, and perhaps the most interesting portion of the present series, commencing about the middle of the first volume, extending to about the middle of the second, the remainder of which is devoted to the correspondence of CROMWELL—not the CROMWELL, but HENRY VIII.'s clever secretary.

In his preface, Sir HENRY ELLIS states some facts worth committing to memory, relating to letter-writing in the olden time. It appears, that until the reign of HENRY V., Latin and French were the languages of correspondence; in that reign the first traces of the use of the English tongue are to be found.

From the 11th to the 15th century, numerous letters in Latin are preserved. The earliest we possess in England, is that of WULDHER, Bishop of London, to BETUALD, Archbishop of Canterbury, written in Latin, and preserved in the Cotton Library. The person to whom it was addressed, flourished between the years 692 and 731; and the document is a solitary record of epistolary intercourse in the Saxon times, the editor knowing of no other letter previous to the Conquest.

Another curious fact stated by Sir E. ELLIS is, that in early times letters of familiarity frequently took the shape of legal instruments, the reason being, probably, that they were written by professional scribes, who used a series of set forms, like the "Ready Letter Writers" of more modern days. Until a comparatively late period, vellum was the substance on which they were written; the earliest use of paper in correspondence cannot be carried farther back than the reign of EDWARD I., when it appears to have been brought from the East by way of Italy, by the returning Crusaders. That it was the custom to employ scribes, a curious proof is afforded in a petition from ANNE, Countess of Warwick, for the restitution of her inheritance, in which she states, "that in absence of clerks," she hath "*wretyn lettres in that behalfe to the Kynges Highnes with her own hand.*"

In the fourteenth century tracts appear in the manuscript libraries, containing forms of letters similar to our

complete Letter Writers, and both in French and Latin. One of these, in the former language, is preserved in the Harleian Collection, No. 4971, of the time of EDWARD III. The examples are in French, but the directions in Latin. The first form is that of a letter from EDWARD III. to HENRY, Duke of Lancaster, with the answer from the duke; the second is from the prince to the Earl of NORTHAMPTON, with his answer. The forms then go through all the known gradations of society at that day. An earl to a baron, a baron to a knight, the knight to an esquire, the esquire to his companion, merchant to merchant, father to son, burgess to burgess, the lord to his bailiff, friend to friend, all with their respective answers. After these it is said, "Nunc sciendum de religiosis." A third division of the manuscript begins, "Nunc dicendum est de mulieribus et primo de regina ad militem; et finiuntur in eosdem." The forms follow of a letter from Queen PHILIPPA to a knight, of a knight in prison to his lady, from a lady to her lawyer, from an abbess to a lady, from a mother to her son, a student, from a sister to a sister; all with answers, and all in French.

Another manuscript, preserved in the same collection, gives very exact instructions for writing Latin letters. It directs that a superior writing to an inferior is always to put his own name at the head in the nominative case, followed by the inferior's in the dative case; and the inferior writing to the superior is always to prefix the superior's name in the dative case, followed by his own in the nominative. If the correspondents were equal in rank, they might do either, as politeness or mutual regard might dictate. In letters of petition for favours, however, it is directed that the name of the person written to should always stand first, in the dative case, and that he should be designated "pluraliter."

Such is some of the information contained in Sir H. ELLIS's preface. The letters thus introduced are not, of course, subjects for criticism, but only for extract, and we select a few of those that have most attracted us on perusal, as specimens of the contents of a publication whose title would alone be a sufficient recommendation.

In the correspondence of Cardinal WOLSEY, we find some allusion to the rise and progress of the Protestant spirit, that will account for the ease with which the Reformation was accomplished. Here is one dated in 1521, from Archbishop WARHAM to the cardinal, describing the spread of the heresy in Oxford:—

Please it your good grace to understand that now lately I receyvid letters from the Universitie of Oxford, and in thoes same certayne newes whiche I am very sorry to here. For I am enformyd that diverse of that universitie be infectyd with the heresies of Luther and of others of that sorte, havyng emong them a grete nombre of books of the saide perverse doctrine which wer forboden by your graces auctoritie as legate de latere of the see apostolique, and also by me as chauncellar of the saide universitie, to be hadd, kept, or redd by any person off the same, except suche as wer licence to have thayme to impugne and convince the erroneous opinions conteyned in them. But it is a sorrowful thing to see howe gredily inconstaunt men, and spesially inexpert youthe, fallith to newe doctrynes, be they never so pestilent; and howe prone they be to attempt that thing that they be forbeden of their superiors for their ouyne welthe. I wold I hadde suffered grete Payne, in condition this hadd not fortuned ther, wher I was brought up in lernyng and now am chauncellar, albeit unworthy. And I doubt not but it is to your good grace right pensyfull heryng, seyng your grace is the moost honorable membray that ever was of that universitie. And wher the said universitie hathe instantly desyred me by their letters to be a meane and suter unto your grace for thayme, that it mought please the same to decro such ordre to be taken toching the examination of the sayd personnes suspectyd of heresey, that the said universitie rune in as litilly infamy thereby thorough your graces favor and justice as may be after the qualitie of thoffense. If this matier concerneyd not the

cause of God and his churche, I wold entierly beseche your grace to tendre the infamy of the universitie as it myght please your incomparable wisdome and goodnes to think best. For pytie yt wer that through the lewdnes of on or two cankerd members, whiche as I understand have enducyd no small nombre of yong and incircumspect folies to geve ere unto thaym, the hole universitie shuld run in thinfamy of soo hayhouse a cryme, the hering wherof shuld be right delectable and pleasant to the open Lutheranes beyond the see, and secrete behyther, whereof they wold take harte and confydence that theyr pestilente doctrynes shuld encresce and multiply, sayng bothe the universities of Inglande infectid therewith, whereof the on hath many yeeres been vovyd of all heresyes, and the other hath afore nowe take upon hyr the prayse that she was never defylid; and nevertheless nowe she is thought to be the originall occasion and cause of the fall in Oxford.

Indeed the correspondence of this period is filled with intimations of the change that was working in the popular mind.

The letters from Sir RICHARD GRESHAM, who furnished Hampton Court, throw much light upon the history of some of the works of art there assembled. The hangings, it seems, were procured from the Netherlands. A letter from JOHN DE MAIANO reveals the origin of some of the sculpture. The Editor observes that this artist wrote to WOLSEY to say that—

Agreeable to the Cardinal's order, he had made and set up eight terra-cotta images in circles, at his Palace, painted and gilt, at the price of 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each; that he had also completed in the same manner three stories of Hercules at the price of 4*l.* each; and that he had expended more than twenty shillings in setting up his sculptures; making a total amount of 31*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; in part payment of which he had received ten pounds. Compelled by necessity alone, he beseeches the Cardinal to give orders for the remaining 21*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* to be paid to him. The Letter is dated in 1521. Of John de Maiano the writers on the Arts of the middle Age say nothing. He was evidently unknown to them. But there were two brothers of the name; Giuliano and Benedetto Maiano, who lived half a century before; who were well known as sculptors and architects, and who left throughout Lower Italy, from Florence to Naples, many splendid monuments of their genius. John de Maiano was probably a son of one of these Florentines.

A letter from the Bishop of ELY, in the reign of HENRY VIII. reveals the state of the monasteries.

My lorde, I have begonne my visitacyon in my cathedrall churche of Ely, wher I have flounde suche mysorder, as well touching the non observance of religion as also dilapidacyon and wastyng of the temporall goodes, that and yt yt had not ben lokyd upon betymes, I suppose yt wold not haue ben abull to have contynuyd a monastery flower yeres. And so I am sweyr your grace wolle thynke of ye knewe the spesyalites. I have leyн ther thys moneth, and taken much Payne to reduce yt to some goode order; and for that purpose I have made a new prior and dyverse other hed, offyccers, whyche by the grace of God and your favor I trust schall reduce yt to a goode state wythin some processe of tyme.

The magnificent haughtiness of WOLSEY is strikingly shewn in this complaint of his bearing by no less a personage than the Emperor CHARLES V. contained in a letter from his ambassadors to the Cardinal.

Aftir the delyverance off the kings lettirs and the quenes to th' emperors majestie, we delyveryd also your grace's lettirs in the best maner that we coude. The whiche his majestie redde, and aftir seyd vn to vs that som words ware in the seyd lettirs very good concerning hym and his affyres, how be it he coude not a little marveyle off your grace's oþir demeanour towards hym dyvers tyms; considering the singulier amitie that is betwix the king his brodry and hym: and besyds all the odyr before, now lately with my lord off Bevrys, and his oþir ij. ambassadours there. Your grace, he seyd, syvd very estrange words, as apearith be ther bettirs, and referryd him to th' aduertisement gevyn to me Richard Sampson before. And, Sir, trewhit is that affir the receyving off his last lettirs owght of Englund, immediately, the sam day, his majestie sent M. Jhon

Lallemand to me with the sayd lettirs, who schewid me iij. articles, and the sam night he sent me the copie off ij. off them the which we send here enclosyd to your grace. The thryd article he gave not in wrting, but th' effect was, concerning th' emperors aspyryng to the monarchie, and the impeachment off the sam to be made be the king's highnesse, with your grace's advysement and eyde. His majestie seyd also that your grace hath namyd hym to be a lyar, observing no maner off feith or promesse; my lady Margarete a rybawde; Don Fernando his brodry a childe, and so governid; the Duke off Burbon a creature. And this reporte was broughte be Mons^r. de Bewreyne now calyd Mons^r. de Rieux, at his last being in Englond. When he desyrid eyde of the kings highnesse ffor Mons^r. de Burbon of ij. M. ducats for his entree in to Burgendie, affir the presence off the Ffrenc king in Italia, then he seyd that your grace aunswurd that the kings highnesse had oþir things to do with his money, than to spende it ffor the pleasor off such iij. personages, expressing the forseyd words. His Maiestie seyd morovr that som things accordyng to the treatie he hath not obserwyd, the whiche he confessith. Notwithstanding it hath not beyn ffor want off good wyl, but extreme nede hath causyd hym that he coude not accomplis all his promessys, the which shuld not be arrectyd to his onfeithfullnesse be ony frende, considering that it was not in his power. This Sir, with oþir words his majestie spakke, be the whiche we percyvyd that off your grace dyvers tyms he hath harde grevos reports, and estemith the sam demeanor very estrange.

Another specimen of the state of the monastic institutions is given in a letter from an agent of the Cardinal:—

Syns your grace departinge ther hath been here great assemblies and bushments of persones, suspect of felony, which have usid the company and familiarite of sentuary men, and at ij sundre dayes did rescue such vacabunds as the custables for ther mysdemours wold have imprisoned in the gate-house. Which after I had knowledge of, I consalld with M^r. Stuse and Mr. Cromwell, and togidders we spak with th' abbot and Sir Hugh Vaghan, therein; wherupon ther was a watch comandment nightly to be kepid and is so kepid by the inhabitants of the same town as by the lawe thei awght to do, and in yers past have been accustomed to do. And therupon the seid suspect assemblies and bushments did brek and avoid; and syns the sentuary men have ben more stracie kepid in than thei wer afore, before wherof on Mulsey that was the king's servaunt, beinge a sentuary man at Westm., hath refusyd the same, and goth abrode, who, as I here, hath a gret nombyr of unfrity persones belonging unto hym, of whom Sir Hugh Vaghan servants yesterday and this mornynge toke viij that had stolled horses, and hath them in hold. It is much suspect thes bushments intended to have don sum displeasor at your mancion called York Place. This last night, as I am credible informed, on of my Lord Stewerts servants at Chelsey in his awn house war sore wounded with such persones which wer followid to the sentuary, but yet thei be not takyn nor known. Of the seid bushments, Sergier and Servington of th'yns of court, and on Pen that war your late controllers servant and lay in wayt to have slayed M^r. Cromwell, as I do here, wer thei that made the seid rescuys upon the constables. And it is said that the seid Sergier and Seryngtoⁱ be abrode with a great nombre of suspect persones with them.

An interesting account of the course of education then pursued will be found in the following from the tutor of CROMWELL'S SON:—

Firste, after he hath herde Massie he taketh a lecture of a Dialoge of Erasmus Colloquium, called Pietas Puerilis, whereinne is described a veray picture of one that shold be vertuouselie brought upp, and forcause it is so necessary for him I do not onli cause him to rede it over, but also to practise the precepts of the same, and I have also translated it into Englishe, so that he may conferre theime both to githers, whereof (as lerned men affirme) cometh no smalle profete; whiche translation pleasit it you to receyve by the bringer hereof, that ye may judge howe moche profitabile it is to be learned: after that, he exerciseth his hande in writing one or two hours, and redith upon Fabian's Chronicle as longe; the residue of the day he doth spende uppon the lute and virginals. When he rideth (as he doth very ofte) I tell him by the way

some historie of the Romanes or the Greeks, whiche I cause him to reberse agayn in a tale. For his recreation he useth to hawke and hunte, and shote in his long bowe, which frameth and succedeth so well with him that he semeth to be thereunto given by nature.

We must not pass over the remarkable letter from the son of the Duke of NORFOLK to WOLSEY, entreating employment to preserve him and his family from want. It is one of the most curious in the collection:—

My duty remembryd, humebly I beseche your grace to be my good lord, for with owt youre graces helpe I am uttyrly ondone. Syr, so yt is that I am so far in danger off the kyngs lawys by reasone off det that I am in, that I dare not go a brode, nor come at myn owne howsse, and am fayne to absent me from my wyffe and my poore chyldeyne, ther ys sothe wryts off excuseons owt ayenst me; and also sothe as be my suretes ar dayle arrestyd, and put to gret trouble, whytche is to my gret shame and rebewke. Syr, ther ys no helpe but through your grace and your good medeacone to the kyngs grace, in the whytche ys my synguler trust: and your graces favoure showyd onto me, in the opptayning of thys byll that I now doo labyr for, shall not only be mertyfors, but shalbe the sauve garde of my lyff and releife off my poore wyff and owe x. chyldeyne, and set me owt of det. And humebly I beseche your grace for sothe poor servysse as I have done the kyngs grace, and trust for to doo, that I be not caste awaye; and if the kyngs grace or your grace shoulde comaunde me to doo eny servysse I wolde trust to doo ex-ceptable servysse; and levyr I had to be in his grace's servysse, at the farthynd end of Krystendome, then to leyff thus wretchydly, and dy with thought, sorowe, and care. I maye repente that evyr I was noble mans sone borne, ledyng the sorafull lyfe that I leyff, and if I were a poore mans sone I myght dyg and delve for my levying and my chyldeyne and my wifys, for whome I take more thought then for my self: and so maye I not doo nowe but to gret reproche and shame to me and all my blood. Syr, yf there be eny creature levying that can laye to me other treason, murdry, fellyony, rappe, extorseon, brybrye, or in mayntenyng or supporting of eny of thes, and to be approyvd on me, then let me have the extremety of the kyngs lawys; and I trust ther shall none laye ayenst me eny thyng to be approyvd to my reproche but onely det. Syr, I am enformyd ther shalbe a vyage made in to an newfounede land with dyvrys shypys, and cappetayns and sogears in them; and I am enformyd the vyage shalbe honer-able and profytale to the kyngs grace and all his reame. Syr, if your grace thynk my poor karkes eny thyng meet to serue the kyngs grace in the sayde vyage, for the byttry passeon of Kryst be you my good lorde ther in, for now I doo leyff as wretchyd a lyfe as ever dyd jentylman beyng a tru man, and nothyng I have to leyff on, nor to fynd me my wyfys and my chyldeyne met or drynke; and glad I wolde be to ventry my lyffe to doo the kyng servysse, and if I be put ther onto I dowl not but I shall doo sothe servysse as shalbe ex-ceptable, and redownd to hys grace honowre. And, Syr, I have nothyng to lose but my lyff, and that I wolde gladly adventyr in his servysse, trustyng thereby to wyn sum honeste, and to get sumwhat toward my levying; and yf it shall please the kyngs grace to haue my body doo hym servysse in the sayd vyage, humebly I beseche your grace that I maye know your pleasure therin. Syr, I ensure you ther shall nothyng nor nother frend nor kyn let me; but with a wylling hert I wyl go, so yt shall stand with the kyngs pleasure and yours. The kyngs grace beyng so good lorde to me thorwgh your good medeacone as to yeve and assyne my lyff the whytche I now doo sew for, or to set me owt off det same othyr ways. Syr, I beseche your grace to pardon me that I came not to your grace myself, accordyng to my duty; but surely, syr, I dare not go a brode, and therfor I have bene thus bowlde to wryght to your grace. All the premysse con-syderyd, I humebly beseche your grace to be my good lorde, for the passeon of Kryste and in the way of charyte and pete. I beseche your grace to pardon me of this my bowlde wrytyng; but very povyrte and neede forsyth me thus to doo, as know' my Lorde Jhesu, who haue youe in hys blyssyd tuyssone. Wryten with the hand of hym that ys assurydly yours,

EDMUND HOWARD, Knighth.

To my Lorde Cardenals good Grace, in hast.

When HENRY published his treatise against LUTHER, JOHN CLERK, the dean of Windsor, was despatched to Rome to make a formal presentation of it to the Pope. He gives an amusing account of the interview, how he was to make an oration, but to kneel while he was delivering it, a posture which greatly troubled him, lest it should spoil the effect of his elocution. But he got through it very well. His holiness appeared to admire the binding extremely; he then

Opennyd the boke coverd with clothe of gold, and begynning the prohem, redde therof successyvely v. lefes with owt interruption; and as I suppose, if tym and place and other of no small importante busynes had not lett hym he wold never a ceassed till he had redd it over. His Holynes in redyng at soche place is as he lykyd (and that seemyd to be at every second line) mad ever some demonstracion, *vel nutu vel verbo*, whereby it apperyd that he had great pleasure in redyng. And when his Holynes had redd a great season, I assur your Grace he gaff the boke a great commendacyon and sayd there was therin moche wyt and clerky convayance, and how that ther wer many great clerkis that had wryten in the matter, butt this boke shold seem to pass all thers.

In a few days after this scene, LEO X. was a corpse.

It is strange to find so late as 1525, a letter from EDWARD LEE, ambassador in Spain, congratulating the king that England was not yet infected by the Lutheran heresy.

Hidretoo, blessed bee God, your realme is save from infiction of Luthers sect, as for so mutche that althow anye peradventur bee secretlie blotted within, yet for fear of your royll majestic, wiche hathe drawn his swerd in God's cause, they dar not openlie avowe. Wherfor I can not doubt but that your noble grace will valiauntlie maignetaine that you have so noble begonne. This realme of Fraunce hathe been somewhat tooched with this sect, in so mutche that it hathe entred amonge the doctors of Parisse, wherof some bee in prison, some fled, some called *in judicium*. The bisshoppe also of Meulx, called Melden, is summoned for that cause, for he suffred Luthers perverse opinions to bee preached in his diocese. Faber, also, a man hiderto noted of excellent good lief and lernyng is called among them, but some saye heir for displeas', wiche I can well think. The parliament of Parisse hathe had mutche business to repprese this sect. And yet, blessed be God, your noble realme is yet unblotted. Wherfor lest any dawnger myght ensue, if thies books secretarie shold be brought in, I thought my dutie to advertise your grace thereof, considering that it toocheth your higne honor, and the weathe and integrite of the Christen fayeth with in your realme; wiche can not long endur' if thies booke maye come in.

In conclusion, we take a curious expression of hostility to aliens from a quaint letter by DR. ANDREW BOORDE, in the reign of HENRY VIII.

After humly salutacyon with dew reuerence, I certifie your Mastershepp that I am now in Skotlond, in a lytle vnyuersyte or study, namyd Glasco, whe I study and practyse physyk, as I haue done in dyuerse regyons and prouinces, for the sustentacyon off my lyuyng; assweryng yow that in the partes that I am yn, the kings grace hath many ze and in maner all maner of persons (except som skolastycall men) that be hys aduersarys, and spekyth *perlyus* wordes. I resort to the Skotysh kyngs howse, and to the Erle of Aryn, named Hamylton, and to the lord Eyndale, namyd Stuerd, and to many lords and lards, as well sprytyuall as temporall; and truly I know ther mynds, for thei takyth me for a Skotysh mans sone, for I name my self Karre, and so the Karres kallyth me cousin, thorow the which I am in the more fauer. Shortly to conclude, trust yow no Skott, for they wyl yoase flatteryng wordes, and all is falholde. I suppose verly that yow have in Ynglond by zend x. thowsand Skotts, and innumerable other aliens, which doth (specially the Skotts) much harme to the kings leige men thorow their ewyll wordes; for as I went thorow Yuglond I mett and was in company off many rurall fellows, Englishmen, that loue nott our gracyose kyng; wold to Jesu that some war ponysshed to geue other example; wolde to

Jesu also that yow hadde never an alyon in your realme, specially Skotts, for I neuer knew alyon goode to Ynglond, except thei knew profyt and lucre shold to them, &c. In all the partes of Crystyndom that I have trawlyld in, I know not v. Englyshmen inhabytors, except only skolers for lernynge. I pray to Jesu that alyons in Ynglond do no more harme to Ynglond. If I myght do Ynglond any seruyce, spesically to my soueryne lorde the kyng and to yow, I wold do ytt to spend and put my lyff in danger and juberdy as far as any man, God be my judge.

The History of Civilization, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution. By F. GUIZOT. Translated by Wm. HAZLITT, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Vol. 1. London, 1846. Bogue.

GUIZOT's Lectures on Civilization in Europe have appeared before in many forms, translated by various hands. But all have been remarkable for incompleteness. It is difficult to guess the reason, but certain it is that every English translation of these famous Lectures that has preceded the present one has omitted a very considerable portion of the work, of whose real magnitude and merit the merely English reader has consequently been enabled to form a very inadequate conception. Mr. HAZLITT, translating for BOGUE'S *European Library*, has avoided this defect, and presented the work in its entirety, including the before untranslated chapters on the History of Civilization in France, which are not less interesting and suggestive of thought than any of those masterly surveys of national progress which have made M. GUIZOT's Lectures a text-book for all statesmen and students of history throughout the civilized world. Mr. HAZLITT very truly remarks, in his preface, that this want of system in our translations of foreign literature has hitherto kept the English public in well nigh total ignorance of the best works of the best continental writers; and it is to be hoped that, perceiving thus clearly the evil, he will seize the opportunity afforded by his office as editor of *The European Library*, to cure it, by presenting a series of translations of perfect works of the most famous European authors equally well executed with that before us, which needs no recommendation, its fame being familiar to every one of our readers, and the cheapness of this edition placing it within their capacity to become possessors of the treasure.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Recollections of Mexico. By WADDY THOMPSON, Esq. late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Mexico. London, 1846. Wiley and Putnam.

THE interest which at this moment belongs to Mexico, engaged in a hopeless struggle with a power by which she must eventually be crushed, whatever the temporary fortunes of the war, renders this volume peculiarly acceptable. Mr. THOMPSON enjoyed uncommon advantages for the task he has undertaken, his official position opening to him many of the domestic features of the country which never can be revealed to the passing traveller. He candidly informs his readers at the outset that his purpose was not to present a complete picture of Mexico, nor to preserve the matter or form of his journal; but sitting down, after the lapse of two years, to review the impressions made upon him by what he had heard and seen during his residence there, he found that the subject was one of great interest, that he possessed some information not to be obtained elsewhere, and that really nothing had been lost by the delay, but, on the contrary, he had gained in completeness of outline more than he had forgotten of details. The result is a very pleasant and instructive volume, from which the twaddle of tourists is banished; where we find a large

collection of facts relating to Mexico and the Mexicans, many of them new, all unfamiliar, and which will not be the less acceptable because Mr. THOMPSON has thus condensed into a single volume materials which a hack tourist and a fashionable publisher would have expanded into two or three.

Such being the character of this book, and such its present interest, we shall offer no apology for dwelling upon it somewhat longer than is our custom, and presenting to our readers numerous specimens of its contents, which will be welcome and valuable, both for present reading and future reference.

It was on the 2nd of April, 1842, that Mr. THOMPSON left New Orleans, and on the 9th they came in sight of the Peak of Orizaba. On the following day they entered the harbour of Vera Cruz. The view of this Peak, whose height is 17,400 feet, is very magnificent as seen from the ocean. Vera Cruz is strongly fortified both by nature and art, but Mr. THOMPSON says that her best protector is the yellow fever, which attacks strangers with destructive violence. It is the only port that Mexico possesses. It is a singular fact that the fever attacks strangers only; a native was never known to be infected by it, even though carried away in infancy and not returning till full-grown. At Vera Cruz there are many free negroes, whom Mr. THOMPSON represents as idle and dissolute in the extreme, quite incapable of any notions of liberty. But Mr. THOMPSON manifestly carries with him his American prejudices on this subject, and tries thus to make out a case against emancipation. He asserts as a fact that although slavery has been abolished by the republic of Mexico, "the negro is regarded and treated there as belonging to a degraded caste equally as in the United States; much more so than in South Carolina." But, though nominally a freeman, the negro is still really a slave.

The owners of the estates (haciendas) receive labourers into their service. These labourers are ignorant, destitute, half-naked Indians; certain wages are agreed upon, which the employer pays in food, raiment, and such articles as are absolutely necessary; an account is kept of all these things, and neither the labourer nor his family can ever leave the estate until all arrearages are paid. These, of course, he has no means of paying but by the proceeds of his labour, which, being barely sufficient for his subsistence, he never can get free; and he is not only a slave for life, but his children after him, unless the employer chooses to release him from his service, which he often finds it convenient to do when the labourer becomes old or diseased.

Between Vera Cruz and Mexico there is a good line of stages, but with enormously high fares. The houses by the road side were wretched dwellings, constructed of cane, and roofed with palm leaves. A Mexican village closely resembles an American-Indian village, and the same idleness, filth and squalid poverty are apparent.

Mr. THOMPSON gives this glowing description of

THE CITY OF JALAPA.

I do not know that I have ever seen a more beautiful spot than the city of Jalapa. When the atmosphere is clear you may see the shipping in the harbour of Vera Cruz with an ordinary spy-glass, and the white caps of the waves with the naked eye. The elevation of Jalapa above the sea is a little more than four thousand feet. It is situated on a shelf of the mountain; the summit of which at Perote, a distance in a direct line of about twenty miles, is still four thousand five hundred feet higher than Jalapa. The whole horizon, except in the direction of Vera Cruz, is bounded by mountains; amongst them Orizaba, which is distant from Jalapa about twenty-five miles. But from the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere, and the sun shining upon the snow with which it is always covered, it does not seem to be five miles. All the tropical fruits grow there, and are cultivated with great care and taste. It is not exaggeration to say that it is impossible for one who has not been on the table-lands of Mexico to conceive of a

climate so elysian. There is not a day and scarcely an hour in the year when one could say, I wish it were a little warmer or a little cooler. It is never warm enough to pull off your coat, and rarely cold enough to button it. No spot of the earth will be more desirable than this for a residence whenever it is in the possession of our race, with the government and laws which they carry with them wherever they go. The march of time is not more certain than that this will be, and probably at no distant day.

We have copied the concluding sentence, for it indicates what is brooding in the American mind in reference to Mexico.

Indian corn is the chief food of the population. The grain is softened in water, ground on a smooth stone by a long stone roller, spread in a thin layer and baked. The horses are not fed upon corn; their only fodder is wheat straw, an article generally regarded as valueless for food.

In this, I am satisfied that we are mistaken. I had a very large pair of American horses, and I was at first afraid that, however well the barley and wheat straw might agree with the Mexican horses, it was not substantial enough for mine. But I found that they became so fat upon it that I was obliged to curtail their allowance.

The favourite drink of the Mexicans is a liquor called pulque, made from the Agave Americana, with which all the fields are planted. A very curious vegetable is this, there called

THE MAGUEY.

The maguey grows, in good land, to an enormous size, the centre stem very often twenty-five or thirty feet high, and twelve or fifteen inches in diameter at the bottom; the branches a foot and a half wide, and four or five inches thick. When the plant is in its efflorescent state, which varies from seven to fifteen years from the planting, the centre stem is cut off at the bottom, and a bowl made, in which the juice accumulates. This is extracted with a rude suction-pipe, made of a long gourd, which the Indian labourer applies to his mouth; and when the gourd is filled, the contents are emptied into an ox-hide, dressed and made perfectly tight. There the liquor ferments, when it is drawn off into smaller vessels made of the skin of a hog, and in these it is carried to market. The modern inventions of hogsheads and barrels have by no means come into common use in Mexico. These skins look for all the world like a hog cleaned and dressed. I saw them every day, hanging in front of the pulque shops as a sign, and I had been some time in Mexico before I discovered that they were really not porkers. One plant of the maguey often yields one hundred and fifty gallons. Baron Humboldt says that a single plant of the maguey will yield 452 cubic inches of liquor in twenty-four hours, and for four or five months, which would amount to nearly thrice the quantity I have stated. The pulque has very little strength—about as great as that of cider. Its smell is very much that of putrid meat, and is, of course, offensive to every one who drinks it for the first time; but most persons like it after they become accustomed to it.

The agriculture of Mexico is represented as wretchedly bad. The whole country is of volcanic formation; the soil not very rich.

The plough in universal use is that used two thousand years ago—neither more nor less than a wooden wedge, without a particle of iron attached to it. The hoe is a wooden staff, with an iron spike in the end. What is still more remarkable, the only animal used in ploughing is the ox; a planter with twenty thousand horses and mules (by no means an unusual number), will only use his oxen in the plough. If you ask why this is, the only answer I can give is, that the Spaniard never changes his habits, nor anything else but his government. All the passion for change which exists in other men, with him is concentrated in political changes.

Labourers are rarely seen in the fields. The population are content to doze away their lives in penury and idleness.

The highway is infested with bands of robbers, who boldly attack passengers.

MEXICAN HIGHWAYMEN.

When the stage stops for the night, or to change horses, some one of the robbers examines the baggage, and if it promises a rich booty, and the passengers have the appearance of soft customers, they are certain to be attacked before the stage has gone five miles. But if the passengers are armed, and there is a prospect of resistance, the robbers wait for an easier prey; they wisely calculate that some one of them may be killed, and each of them knows that that one may be himself—upon the same principle that one brave man armed often repels a mob. At one of the little villages where we changed horses, I was very much struck with the dashing and picturesque appearance of a man who rode by, richly and gaudily dressed, on a fine horse gaily caparisoned. I asked the stage driver if he knew him; he said that he did, and that he was the captain of a band of robbers who had plundered the stage several times since he had been driving. I asked him why he had not informed against him and had him punished; he replied, that if he had done so he certainly would have been shot by some others of the band the next time he had passed the road, and I have no doubt that he would have been, for nowhere is the maxim of "honour amongst thieves," more rigidly adhered to than amongst Mexican thieves. There have been frequent instances of robbers, who had been convicted, being offered a pardon, upon the condition that they would discover the names of their confederates, which offers they have firmly rejected, and submitted to the certain alternative of the punishment of death.

But the vigorous arm of SANTA ANNA soon afterwards cleared the road of these banditti. He never spared them when captured. Mr. THOMPSON witnessed the punishment of one of them.

AN EXECUTION.

The execution took place early in the morning, in the yard of the Acordada prison. There was a very large concourse, and amongst them many persons of great respectability; others beside myself of the diplomatic corps, carried there no doubt, as I was, by curiosity. The convict, dressed in a white gown, was placed on a wooden bench with a high back, like a barber's chair. Through this back the ends of an iron collar passed, to which a crank was attached; the neck of the convict was placed in this collar, and a single turn of the crank caused instant death. Nothing could be more tender and affectionate than the manner of the priests who were in attendance.

Some further anecdotes illustrating the state of crime in Mexico will be interesting.

GENTLEMEN THIEVES.

Shortly before I left Mexico, the stage was robbed near Puebla. The robbers all had the dress and bearing of gentlemen. When the operation of rifling the pockets and trunks of the passengers was finished, one of the robbers said to them—"Gentlemen, we would not have you to suppose that we are robbers by profession; we are gentlemen [somos caballeros], but we have been unfortunate at monte, and that has forced upon us the necessity of thus incommode you, for which we beg that you will pardon us." Innumerable are the stories of robberies which one hears in Mexico, some of them of thrilling interest and romantic character. The case of Colonel Yanes, who was executed a few years since, is full of incidents of a character deeply dramatic. I will briefly sketch them as they were told to me:—The Swiss consul resided in the street of St. Cosme. About twelve or one o'clock in the daytime, a carriage drove up to his door, and three men got out, one in the dress of a soldier; they were admitted by the porter, and the door closed, when they immediately seized and gagged him, went into the house, and robbed and murdered the consul. The only clue for the discovery of the murderer was a metal button with a small piece of blue cloth attached to it, which was found clenched in the fingers of the murdered man, and which he had torn from the coat of one of the robbers. Suspicion at last rested upon a soldier who was seen with more money than he could account for. His quarters were searched, and the coat from which the button had been torn was found there. He was convicted, but he relied with the utmost confidence upon a pardon, as Colonel Yanes, the favourite aide-de-camp of President Santa Anna, was his accomplice. He was brought out to be ex-

cuted, and had actually taken his seat on the fatal bench, with the collar placed around his neck, and the crank about to be turned, when he said—"Hold! I will disclose who are my accomplices—Colonel Yanes is the chief!" The execution was suspended, and on searching the house of Yanes, a correspondence in cipher was discovered which fully established his guilt in this and in other robberies. Yanes was the paramour of a woman in Mexico very nearly related to one whose word was law, and whose influence over her relative was known to be very great, and upon that reliance was placed for a pardon, at least; but she was not disposed to trust to that, and let her lover suffer the disgrace of conviction—she went to the judge with whom the cipher had been deposited, which furnished the evidence of the guilt of Yanes, and offered him a large bribe to give it up. He was an honest man and an upright judge; he sternly refused the bribe, and firmly resisted the menaces of this powerful woman. In a day or two he died suddenly, as all supposed, of poison. A successor was appointed of principles less stern, who accepted the bribe, and promised to destroy the paper; but when, in confession to his priest, he disclosed his corrupt conduct, the worthy man prevailed upon him, if he had not destroyed the paper, not to do so, and he did not. Yanes, in the meantime, was informed that this evidence would not be produced against him, and that the prosecution would rest entirely upon the testimony of his accomplice. Upon the trial, with the habitual air of command of an officer, and the habitual fear and submission of the common soldier, Yanes browbeat and confused his accuser to such a degree, that he felt secure of an acquittal. At this moment the fatal paper was produced, and he was condemned and executed. His not less guilty paramour still resides in the city of Mexico.

Travelling from Vera Cruz to Mexico you are scarcely ever out of sight of caravans of muleteers going and returning. They are described as extremely honest, and always faithful to their trust. Honesty, indeed, seems to be a redeeming trait in the Mexican character. Mr. THOMPSON says,

It has happened to me in more instances than one that on purchasing in a shop some small articles, I have paid what I supposed was the price, but which was in fact more, the change has been returned to me; and, in some instances, the shopkeeper would follow me into the street to give it to me.

The city of Mexico is said to be the finest built city on the American continent.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

In the principal streets the houses are all constructed according to the strictest architectural rules. The foundations of the city were laid, and the first buildings were erected by Cortes, who did everything well which he attempted,—from building a house or writing a couplet, to conquering an empire. Many of the finest buildings in Mexico are still owned by his descendants. The public square is said to be unsurpassed by any in the world; it contains some twelve or fifteen acres paved with stone. The cathedral covers one entire side, the palace another; the western side is occupied by a row of very high and substantial houses, the second stories of which project into the street the width of the pavement; the lower stories are occupied by the principal retail merchants of the city. The most of these houses were built by Cortes, who, with his characteristic sagacity and an avarice which equally characterized him in the latter part of his life, selected the best portion of the city for himself.

The Cathedral is in the Gothic style, and almost realizes the fables of the Arabian Nights; it seems as if the wealth of the world had been collected there.

THE RICHES OF THE CATHEDRAL.

The first object that presents itself on entering the cathedral is the altar, near the centre of the building; it is made of highly-wrought and highly-polished silver, and covered with a profusion of ornaments of pure gold. On each side of this altar runs a balustrade, enclosing a space about eight feet wide and eighty or a hundred feet long. The balusters are about four feet high, and four inches thick in the largest part; the handrail from six to eight inches wide. Upon the top of

this handrail, at the distance of six or eight feet apart, are human images, beautifully wrought, and about two feet high. All of these, the balustrade, handrail, and images, are made of a compound of gold, silver, and copper—more valuable than silver. I was told that an offer had been made to take this balustrade, and replace it with another of exactly the same size and workmanship of pure silver, and to give half a million of dollars besides. There is much more of the same balustrade in other parts of the church; I should think, in all of it, not less than three hundred feet. As you walk through the building, on either side there are different apartments, all filled, from the floor to the ceiling, with paintings, statues, vases, huge candlesticks, waiters, and a thousand other articles, made of gold or silver. This, too, is only the every day display of articles of least value; the more costly are stored away in chests and closets. What must it be when all these are brought out, with the immense quantities of precious stones which the church is known to possess? And this is only one of the churches of the city of Mexico, where there are between sixty and eighty others, and some of them possessing little less wealth than the cathedral.

The wealth of the clergy is enormous. They own many of the finest houses in Mexico and other cities, and their property in mortmain is estimated at fifty millions! One-fourth of the whole property of the country is in the hands of the priesthood, and it is daily increasing, for every person deems it incumbent to devise something to the Church for masses. What a melancholy picture is this of

POPULAR SUPERSTITION!

A distinguished friend of mine, who resided some time in Mexico, has still in his possession some curious specimens of these indulgences, varying, in the number of years of remission of punishment, according to the prices paid: among others, one which grants to a single prayer all the good effects of a hundred. These effects are all graduated according to a regular scale, so many years of remission for each prayer or mass, and so many years of punishment for each sin. I remember, on one occasion, giving some order to a servant on Sunday, when he told me that he must go to mass; that he would suffer seven thousand years in purgatory for every mass which he neglected on Sunday, or any day of religious festival. They have a saint for all occasions. There is no human want that there is not some particular saint to whose particular "line of business" the matter belongs; and by proper devotions to him his powerful aid is secured. They have a saint for horses, and on the festival of that saint, which is his birth-day, horses are carried to the priest, and for a small sum receive the blessing, a perfect security against "all the ills which horse flesh is heir to."

The streets of Mexico are broad, the houses strongly built.

The streets cross each other at right angles, dividing the whole city into squares. Each one of these squares is called a street, and has a separate name; a serious inconvenience to a stranger in the city. Instead of designating the street in its whole extent, by one name, and numbering the houses, each side of every square has a different name, and names which sound, to Protestant ears, very much like a violation of the Third Article of the Decalogue; such as the street of Jesus, and the street of the Holy Ghost. A gentleman will tell you that he lives in the Holy Ghost, or that he lives in Jesus; certainly not always true, if taken in the sense in which our preachers use these words. In most of these streets there is a church, which gives name to the street in which it stands. In many instances these churches and convents (that of San Augustine, for example) covers the whole square, not with separate buildings, but one single edifice, with the usual patio or court, an open space in the centre. There is not, I believe, a house in the city without this court, of greater or less dimensions, in proportion to the size of the building. There is only one door on the lower floor, and none at all on the outside of the upper story. This door is very strongly built, and high enough for a coach to pass through; it opens into the patio, through which you pass to the steps leading to the upper stories, where alone everybody lives except the lowest classes.

In all the establishments of the better classes, the basement story is only occupied by the servants and as lumber-rooms, and what struck me as very strange, as stables. I do not suppose that there is such a separate building in the city as a stable. In visiting Count Cervantes, for example, whose whole establishment is altogether princely, and others of equal splendour and luxury, I found this court on the ground floor used as a stable, and passed through rows of horses and carriages to make my way to the most spacious halls, filled with fine paintings of the great masters, and furnished throughout in a style altogether gorgeous. In some of the larger private buildings thirty and forty different families reside; each one having rented one or two rooms: all entering at the only outside door into the court, which is the common property of all—and from which each one has an entrance to his own rooms on the ground floor or the gallery above, which runs all around the building.

Rents are three times as high as in New York, yet a new building is rarely begun. Mexico is liable to inundations, and once it was flooded for five years to the depth of three feet, till the water was carried off by an earthquake.

There are clouds called *culebras* (snakes), from some supposed resemblance in form, which portend heavy rains, and always cause a general apprehension of an inundation. At such times, all the bells in the city are rung, for the purpose of propitiating the God of the storm, and averting the calamity. The result has always been favourable—whether from the ringing of the bells and *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, I shall not decide. In this connection, I will mention another equally curious superstition;—I do not know that it is peculiar to Mexico. At a late hour every evening all the bells of the city are tolled, and the belief is, that whilst the bells are ringing, the souls in purgatory are released from torment.

Mr. THOMPSON was admitted to an early interview with the President,

SANTA ANNA.

General Santa Anna, is now fifty-four years of age. He is about five feet ten inches high, with a finely proportioned person. His complexion is of an olive cast, but not indicating any mixture of blood, although I believe he is not of pure Castilian lineage. I do not know that I have ever seen a more striking and finely formed head and face; there is scarcely a feature or a point in either that Spurzheim or Lavater would desire to change. I remember to have heard a distinguished American statesman remark, when Santa Anna was in Washington, that he had rarely seen a face indicative in a higher degree of talent, firmness, and benevolence; and when I say as I do, that I think that his face is not an inaccurate index to the volume of his character, I beg the reader not to start and lay down the book before he has read a few incidents which I propose to narrate, and for most of which I vouch, as they have passed under my own observation.

And he proves the assertion by the following

ANECDOTES OF SANTA ANNA.

When Santa Anna was a prisoner in Texas he was put in chains. The proud spirit of a soldier and a Castilian could not bear this indignity, and he attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum. He was relieved from its effects, and otherwise kindly treated by Doctor Phelps, of Texas. On the arrival of the prisoners taken at Mier, Santa Anna ascertained that there was one whose name was Phelps. He sent for him, and asked him if he was related to Doctor Phelps of Washington, Texas; when the young man replied that he was his son, Santa Anna ordered that he should be released, sent an aide-de-camp with him into the city, and purchased two or three suits of clothes for him, and gave him room in his palace. I was informed of all this, and as there was an American ship of war at Vera Cruz, about to sail to the United States, I wrote a note to Santa Anna, offering young Phelps a passage. He replied, thanking me for the offer, but declined it, saying, that he felt himself fortunate in having it in his power to return, in some degree, the kindness of Doctor Phelps to him, when he was a prisoner in Texas, and that he preferred sending his son home at his own expense; which he did, giving to him also a

draft on his factor in Vera Cruz, for whatever sum of money he might ask for.

During the war in Yucatan the government of Mexico was in a great exigency for thirty or forty thousand dollars. Mr. Hargoos, an American merchant of Vera Cruz, advanced the money upon the personal pledge of Santa Anna, that it should be paid at a stipulated time at the custom-house in Vera Cruz. Mr. Hargoos at the time appointed presented his order, and was refused payment. A few days afterwards, Santa Anna was in Vera Cruz, and Mr. H. called to see him, and informed him that he had presented the order which he had given him, and that payment had been refused, the officer of the custom-house saying that he did so by the orders of Santa Anna, which Mr. Hargoos said he did not believe. Santa Anna said that he had given such orders, that there was no money in the treasury to pay the army, not enough even to purchase their rations, and that he must wait until it was more convenient to pay him. Hargoos, very much excited, said, "You know sir, that I would not have advanced this money except upon the pledge of your word of honour, which I have not known violated before; I have been your friend, sir, in more trials than one, and have respected and confided in you, henceforth these feelings are changed; good evening, sir." Santa Anna called him back, and said to the military friends by whom he was surrounded, "Gentlemen, have you heard the language which this man has used to me?" Hargoos said, "I come from a country where no station protects a man from being told the truth. Is not what I have said true?" "Yes, sir," said Santa Anna, "it is—and I respect you for your firmness in saying what you have; I have flatterers enough about me, but few who will tell me the truth." The money was paid immediately.

At this point we pause, but purposing to resume our notice of this timely publication.

Letters from Italy to a younger Sister. By CATHARINE TAYLOR. In two vols. Second edition. London, 1846, Cundall.

PLAQUE upon those provoking words upon the title-page. What disappointment have they occasioned to us, and perhaps to some of our readers! We had skimmed with delight the beautifully printed pages of the two volumes, and scored divers delightful passages for extract, to prove the justice of the eulogy we had resolved to pronounce upon the letters of Mrs. TAYLOR to her sister, when, at the very beginning of the pleasant task, having to copy the title-page, the words "second edition" blighted the purpose in its bud, it being a rule requisite to be strictly observed by a literary journal not to give lengthened notices of publications, save under very special circumstances, which did not present themselves in the case before us. The Letters were new to us, though probably familiar to many of our readers; hence the fruitless labour, if indeed that may be called fruitless which yielded much pleasure at the moment, and not a little addition to the store of knowledge about Italy and the Italians. Mrs. TAYLOR's manner is extremely pleasing, for she is not a mere transcriber of guide-books or limner of forms and colours: her descriptions are the impressions made by things upon her mind, returned with the glow about them that intellect never fails to impart to a picture, and which consists neither in shape, nor in hue, nor words, but in a certain soul-pervading presence always recognized, never defined.

The fact of a book of travels, and, above all, travels in Italy, every inch of which has been described a hundred times, having attained to a second edition, is evidence of intrinsic merits of no common kind, for the public, with all its faults, has upon the whole a sound judgment, and rarely receives with acclamation any thing that has not in it some excellence. The most prominent feature of Mrs. TAYLOR'S Letters is the simple, unaffected tone of the composition. They are, moreover, stuffed with information beyond the usual teach-

ings of tourists, and therefore they are especially adapted for the perusal of the young, for whom they will possess more than the interest of a romance, with all the instruction of an intelligent tutor.

Wyse's America, its Realities and Resources.

[FOURTH NOTICE.]

We turn to the third and last volume of this valuable publication, but the space we have already devoted to it demands that we pass rapidly through the huge mass of information contained in the 500 pages before us. We can note only the most remarkable points.

Mr. WYSE opens with a continuation of his advice to intending emigrants. He says that the mechanic and tradesman of sober and persevering habits will generally receive a fair remuneration for his time and trouble in America, but the same may be asserted of such a man in almost any part of Great Britain, without the trouble of crossing the Atlantic. He remarks that the accounts sent home by emigrants of their own condition, or the advantages of the country, are not always to be trusted; there is a desire frequently to appear not to have acted unwisely, and a natural wish to have their friends about them, which lead to almost unconscious exaggerations. But some trades are better remunerated than others.

Those, for instance, that depend for support and patronage on the necessities and wants of others, rather than their caprice; and on the production of those articles of necessary comfort, more suited to the plain and unpretending habits of a Republican people than of luxury and refinement, the needless appendages of aristocracy and wealth. The spirit of improvement that never flags, the desire to increase existing means, whatever they may be, that identifies itself with the native character of the American citizen, will generally find employment for the useful operative, and secure him a fair and reasonable subsistence. To this end we would advise his remaining as short a while as possible in any of the eastern cities; these are generally crowded with the adventurous and unsettled of every class, as well with the numerous settlers that arrive from Europe in almost every season, as the American, with whom he is generally denied all reasonable competition. He will always find it more conducive to his interests to turn inland, than to waste his time in fruitless efforts near the sea-board.

In truth, it is the artizan, or rather the labourer, whose condition in England cannot be improved by any effort of his own, who here can never hope to rise, and whose habits have enabled him to endure privations and to work hard, who benefits by emigration, and it is that class to whom the boundless region of the United States offers the largest advantages.

The artizan of America possesses many advantages over the generality of the same class in England, both in point of education, general aptitude and intelligence, though seldom as efficient, or as good workmen. They are a persevering, frugal, and industrious class, and, by these means, are generally enabled to secure to themselves far more of the comforts and necessities of life than the English operative. They are in general of sober habits, though the quantity of beer and spirits used in the United States greatly exceeds the amount consumed by the same extent of population in England. Yet, there are seldom any drunkards to be met with in the streets, none of the depravity and crime, that, originating in these excesses, exhibit themselves with such fearful recurrence in the old country.

Mr. WYSE enumerates the trades most in request. Foremost of these are house carpenters, who are always certain of full employ and high wages. Cabinet-making is also a good business. Turners, carvers, and gilders are in fair request. Ship-building is one of the most remunerative and best supported trades in the United States. A good hand need never remain idle. Masonry, especially bricklaying, is an excellent trade throughout every part of the Union. The "go-a-head" principle that governs both public and private conduct, prompts to

continual change in buildings. If a house stops an improvement in a town, it is unceremoniously removed, with a very trifling remuneration to the owner. They have even succeeded in the task of removing houses bodily from one site to another. A Boston paper gives an account of one of these extraordinary transits.

A very neat and successful operation was performed in Lincoln-street, in the removal of a block of two large three-story brick dwellings a distance of some ten or fifteen feet, for the widening of the street. The new foundation for the houses had been, of course, previously prepared, and the houses themselves placed on a sort of railway, preparatory to their removal. The movement was effected by means of jackscrews, acting in a horizontal direction. The construction of the tracks, or ways, was novel, and extremely simple. They consisted of double lines of cast-iron plates inserted between the foundation of each of the walls of the building itself; and for wheels, or rollers, cannon-balls of equal size were placed between two lines of plates, the upper plates being inverted. As the foundation of these ways consisted of the original foundation of the building, there could of course be no hazard of yielding, as the whole building rested on walls of equal size; it was moved without any dislocation or cracking of the walls in any part, or of the finishing. The operation has been accomplished with entire success. We understand also, that it has been done with very moderate expense, compared with the advantage gained of placing the whole edifice on its new foundation, without the slightest injury, and without hazard of serious accident.

Plaisterers and painters are as necessary as builders. Blacksmiths, coachsmiths, and whitesmiths are, with common industry, sure to do well. Coopering is a good trade as to wages, but the employment is uncertain. Sawyers are not in demand. Machinists thrive; not so cutlers. This is what Mr. WYSE says of tailors:—

Tailors are well paid, if first-rate workmen, particularly in the eastern states. New York is the principal mart, where an immense quantity of clothing is made up for the southern markets; many mercantile houses employing from two to three hundred hands daily. Women also assist in this trade, to which in like manner they serve an apprenticeship, confining themselves to the lighter work of waistcoating, light trowsers, &c. which are usually made up of jeans, nankeens, China crape, black stuffs, mohair, and the variety of light fabrics, at which females, when fitted for this employment, sometimes earn from four to seven dollars per week. A good cutter will always receive steady employment and good wages, and are usually engaged by the year at salaries, varying from six hundred to one thousand dollars. Americans, though seldom encumbered with a very large wardrobe, are always neatly and well dressed; their clothes far better and more fashionably made (after the latest London and Paris style) than of the same classes in England. Some, nevertheless, are not satisfied without their regular London tailors, and importing their clothes from England. Yet a foreigner may be readily distinguished in any of the large cities of America, if only by his generally awkward slouching gait, and the style and mediocre cut of his entire vesture.

Boot and shoemaking is a tolerably good trade, but the quality of the materials is bad. Hatters secure good wages and plenty of work. But American hats are described as "shocking bad." Curriers and leather dressers are paid but indifferently; tanning, however, is more profitable. Saddle and harness making is a capital trade. Not so engineers, who are paid very indifferently. It is worthy of note, that in America all personal services are ill paid, as if the people could set no value on anything they could not see, and feel, and measure. Goldsmiths and jewellers are well supported. Coachmaking is tolerably good business, but carriages are clumsy. Watchmaking is as yet unknown as a trade in America, all the watches used being imported. Clerks appear to be as abundant there as here.

Clerks, or those seeking employment in counting-houses, or merchants' offices, will find it extremely difficult to procure situa-

tions, or salaries commensurate with their necessities in any part of the states in which they may be employed. The sons of the most wealthy and influential citizens are the frequent competitors for these situations. In the United States every man, whatever his means, turns to some or other useful employment; and it becomes an object to all, especially to those who intend trade as a future pursuit, to seek early practical instruction in some situation of this kind. The business of most retail houses is seldom so extensive that it may not be got through with some trifling aid, some limited addition to the proprietor's own immediate family. Many of the retail dry or soft-good stores, particularly in the state of Philadelphia, are attended by females, who, in all other, as in these establishments, are brought forward and put to use wherever their services can be made available. By this means the supply of shop and office labour is frequently increased beyond its demand, and the necessity which could give it employment.

As we have observed above, the person most in demand, and to whom alone emigration is really a benefit, is the labourer:—

The associations that connect and bind his recollections to the old country, are seldom of that overpowering or impulsive kind, to resist the consciousness of his improved condition, or to place his early predilections in the same scale with his necessities and wants. If active and industrious, but above all, if of sober and quiet habits, with youth to aid him in his undertaking, his change of position will probably impart to him very many advantages denied to him in his own country. His labour is his capital—his stock in trade—his best and surest friend. He brings it with him as to the best market for its sale and disposition; and so long as he has health, and that there is a demand for his exertion and industry, is neither helpless in his circumstances, or dependent in his means, but carries with him in his own erect person, and the impulses of an honest mind, the materials for his support, more hallowed in the sight of God, than the deceitful and unholy practices by which some men amass wealth, and raise themselves to an undeserved distinction in the world.

But few English labourers emigrate, still fewer Scotch; the mass of emigrants consists of the lower order of Irish, and with changed circumstances their character changes, a fact which affords a ray of hope when reviewing the difficulties that surround the question of Ireland and her evils, by assuring us that the improvidence of the people is not inherent; for, if it were, mere change of scene would not produce the change of conduct described by Mr. WYSE.

No sooner do this class of Irish reach America, and are let loose to shift and provide for themselves, than they begin to acquire a knowledge of their comparative helplessness (in part occasioned by the stunted and perverted habits of their former life), and the necessity which now impels them to an entire change in their general conduct. They find that all retreat is cut off, that they are deprived of the aid of those indulgent friends, the faithful auxiliaries, on whom they were formerly wont in their hours of idleness or relaxation to depend upon for assistance, and forced by this necessity, they arouse themselves from all their former and habitual indolence—doff the old man, put on the new, and make such further and earnest exertion to their complete and early regeneration, that were the same efforts called into requisition and put to practice in the old country—the same means tried in the improvement of their condition, we are persuaded would ensure them greater, at least co-ordinate advantages to any they might possibly secure in their changed position in the new, and in nine cases out of every ten, obviate the necessity of their voluntary emigration.

The sympathizers with Irish Repealers, of whom so much boast has been made at Conciliation Hall, are, it seems, not genuine Americans, but emigrant Irish. The true Yankees hate the Irish even more than they hate the English. They try to stimulate the passions of the former against the latter only the more easily to gratify their feelings of jealous hostility to both. What is the tone in which the panders to popularity find it profitable

to address a mob, appears in the following extract from a speech delivered by Mr. T. N. CARR, late consul of Tangiers, at a great "mass meeting," as it is called, held in New York, on the 14th June, 1843:—

"I never will believe," he said, "that Ireland would get what she is now struggling for, without first fighting for it; for repeal, to Ireland, is Irish national independence, which England is not prepared to grant. It must be forced from her, in which Ireland may count with confidence upon the aid of the people of this country. Besides, we have ourselves a debt of gratitude which must be shortly paid to Great Britain, and all the treaty-makers in the world cannot put it off much longer. England, by her recent robbery in the Pacific," alluding to the then late cession of the Sandwich Islands to the British Crown, but with which the British Government has since disclaimed all connection, "has stirred up a spirit of resistance in this country, which plainly tells of a coming storm. America has but one feeling towards that nation—the feeling of deadly, irreconcilable hatred." While this sentiment, as indeed every other of the same tendency in his speech, is stated to have been received by the meeting with the most boisterous acclamations, and cheered to the very echo, by, at least, twenty thousand citizens present on the occasion.

A kindlier feeling prevails towards the Scotch than towards either the English or Irish, the result of their uniform frugality and sober and industrious habits; they more readily adapt themselves to the change of country and home, and more nearly identify themselves with the people they are amongst.

Wages of unskilled labour are not so high in America as the emigrant is led to expect. They are usually about fifteen or sixteen dollars per month. A porter, in a steady settled employment, may earn about five dollars per week; but then his expenses are great. In the Atlantic cities, board and lodging is seldom less than three dollars per week for a single person.

Or, if married, the expenses of his living, with a charge of from sixty to eighty, and very often ninety, dollars per annum, for a single unfurnished room for himself and family, with many other concurrent demands for firing, clothing, &c. that, deducted from his general earnings, will leave him in rather contracted circumstances at the end of the season; and in regard to saving, and putting by money for the distant or rainy day, whenever it should arrive, frequently in no better condition, in this respect, than when he first started.

The consequence is very general disappointment.

It is our belief, that nine-tenths of those of this class of Irish who emigrate to the United States, would gladly return to their country and former homestead, however humble, but that they are restrained from doing so, some, from a strange feeling of pride, that will not allow them to meet their friends in any worse plight than when they first set out, while a large proportion, who live from hand to mouth, do not actually possess the means of paying for their return passage.

Nevertheless there are a variety of employments open to an intelligent European labourer, which he is sure to meet in almost every town through which he may pass, and Mr. WYSE sums up with these useful hints:—

With this we shall conclude our instructions to the emigrant generally, recommending all but the merchant or trader, who requires some time to look about him before adopting any decided course, to remain as short a while as possible, after his arrival, in the Atlantic cities. In these the mechanic and tradesman may even sometimes find a difficulty in procuring employment, which will lessen as he moves inland, preserving a strict watchfulness over his conduct—peaceable and friendly deportment to the native citizen, and those he may select to live amongst; an avoidance of all interference in the strife and political contentions of the parties in the country—a cautious abstinence from all excesses, but especially from a too free indulgence in his manner of living, and more particularly in the use of ardent spirits.

The remainder of the work is devoted to an elaborate geographical, statistical, and historical account of each of the states in succession. Into this wide field of information we cannot attempt to follow him. For the mass of valuable facts he has collected the reader must refer to the volumes, and the extracts we have already made from them will be the best recommendation of a work which has given to the British public the most accurate and extensive details ever gathered relating to the United States.

FICTION.

The Débutante; or the London Season. By Mrs. GORE, Author of "Mothers and Daughters," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1846. Bentley.

THE season now drawing to its close has produced fewer novels than any within our recollection, and these have been, with two or three exceptions, remarkable for their inferiority. No fresh talent has made its appearance to dispel the languor of the premature dog-days; no promise of future excellence has rejoiced the heart of the reviewer, whose business it is, not merely to praise what is well accomplished, but to note the signs of an "all hail hereafter," which, by kindly encouragement, he may stimulate to the exertions necessary to success. And still, though no new aspirants for fame have come forth, they whose popularity has been already achieved have withdrawn from the field, as if they had no stimulus to exertion in the absence of rivalry. Mrs. GORE alone, of those who hold the highest place among our living novelists, has, at the latest moment, thrown in her contribution to the summer reading of her Majesty's lieges during that period called "holiday;" when, removed from their usual occupations, they find it difficult to kill the time that, spite of all their endeavours, will "limp so tediously away."

If Mrs. GORE has written better things than *The Débutante*, she certainly has never lighted upon a more taking title. The very name is enough to kindle curiosity everywhere. All who know what a London season is, and how Mrs. GORE can, when it pleases her, sketch *from the life*, will open *The Débutante* with eagerness, hoping to find there portraits of personages with whom they are familiar. All who are yet in happy ignorance of that gilt and pasteboard paradise, will devour it with equal appetite, believing that here they will be introduced, in fancy at least, to the elysium of their young dreams. The former, it may be, will not find their expectations gratified. The painting is *after the life*, but not *from the life*. Mrs. GORE has not singled out this or that individual, and made him sit for his portrait, but she has embodied in a creation of her own the characteristic traits she has seen in society, and thus she has contrived to be truthful without being personal.

The *Débutante*, as its name implies, is a story to which every London season might produce its parallel, with little more than a change of name. A young lady, with a large fortune, is suddenly plunged into the whirl of spring life in this metropolis. She is, of course, the game at which all the birds of prey who infest those circles make their quarry. But she is wanting in principle, and without any genuine feeling, and she contrives a sort of flirtation with Charles Barrington, who can boast no more either of feeling or principle than herself. The *Débutante* ultimately marries a worn-out debauchee, Lord Mortayne, who had once intrigued with her mother, who, it seems, is a *divorcée*. Mr. Charles Barrington marries a *passée* lady with a title. After a time the pair meet again and renew their flirtation, harmlessly enough, but sufficiently to enable "friends" to talk, and ill-nature to insinuate the worst suspicions of his wife into Lord Mortayne, who is apt to judge others by himself, and, before an explanation

can be given, Lady Mortayne and Mr. Charles Barrington proceed together to the continent.

This is slight material for a novel; but it is only the merest skeleton of it. Divers episodes are introduced, upon which we do not touch, for reasons already assigned. Those who are familiar with Mrs. GORE's, writings (and who is not?) will remember that her *forte* lies in the manner of telling her stories, and not in the construction of them. She excels in bold and rapid touches that give us a full-length in half a dozen lines; in lively narrative that never permits the reader to nod over her pages; and in dramatic dialogues that are really *talkings*, and not *speechifyings*. These traits, to which she owes her popularity, are manifest in the *Débutante*, and, compared with the productions of the other novelists of the season, it is beyond measure the best. But tried by another standard—by her own previous performances—it must be pronounced inferior to most of them. We regret to see that Mrs. GORE is falling into the too common but most fatal fault of writing too fast, because too much. She has acquired by long practice a wonderful facility of composition, we mean, of the mechanical parts of it, the construction of sentences, and the putting of ideas readily into words. But she has mistaken this flow of words for a flow of thoughts; hence a certain flimsiness in the matter which it is difficult to describe, which might not be observed at the moment of perusal, but which becomes apparent when the pages are turned over again with the sober eye of one who seeks something more than a mere story. If Mrs. GORE be not wise in time, and reduce her writing by one-half at least, she will assuredly wear herself out. Such a result would be heartily lamented by readers and reviewers, for she has powers which, well husbanded, will enable her for many a year to contribute to the instruction, as well as to the amusement, of her contemporaries, and will preserve for her a respectable place in the esteem of posterity.

A pressure of numerous other new works, even upon our enlarged space, at this season, compels us to omit some two or three clever bits we had scored for extract. But as *The Débutante* will be read by most novel readers, the omission is unimportant.

Sybil Lennard. A Novel. By the Author of "The Young Prima Donna," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1846. Newby.

THE authoress of this novel has already proved her title to a place in every circulating library. "The Young Prima Donna" at once secured her popularity, which she has maintained, if not extended, by every subsequent production of her pen. *Sybil Lennard* is the last, and, we think, the best of her novels. Here we see palpably the results of experience of the world, and of practice of the art of composition. There is less of imitation and more of self-reliance. Not only are the characters that figure in it delineated with a broader pencil, but thoughts are thrown in fearlessly, where occasion fairly offers, which would not discredit the ablest essayist of the time. There is, too, a design in the story; it carries a moral, exemplifies a fashionable failing; nor are there wanting examples stimulating to virtue and industry. The authoress has not painted vice in pleasing colours, nor attempted the no less dangerous scheme of giving to virtue other rewards than the self-satisfaction that arises from its exercise; she does not deem it necessary always to lavish wealth upon the good, and to bring the bad to temporal ruin. More skilfully and more truthfully, she sometimes, as it is seen in actual life, leaves virtue poor, and clothes sin in purple and fine linen; but she takes care to shew the condition of the heart within; the happiness that reigns in the humble home, the misery that tears the bosom of the fortunate wrong-doer.

At the request of many readers, we have abstained from even sketching an outline of the plot of a novel. They complained, and justly, that it spoiled their pleasure in the perusal by anticipating the event. But we may say that the heroine who gives name to the work is a charming creation, a being of feeling and intellect, than whom we have been introduced to none that more recommends itself to the interest of the reader in the entire range of recent novels. Another favourite with us is the genius, Fitz Hugh, whose intermingling of opposite qualities is happily portrayed.

The style of this novelist must be familiar to most of our readers. She writes with ease and elegance, so that one reads on without the vexatious haltings and harsh sentences that characterize the composition of many writers, whose ideas are in substance unimpeachable. Her descriptions are vivid, truthful, and not overdone. Her dialogues are natural—just such as people speak; she never puts essays into the mouths of her personages, nor makes them talk blank verse; and being such, we cannot hesitate to recommend *Sybil Lennard* to the regards both of those who read the new novels and those who supply the reader with them.

POETRY.

Lays from the Cimbric Lyre, with various verses. By GORONVA CAMLAN. Small 8vo. London, 1846. William Pickering.

WHEN we first chanced upon the announcement of this work, our fancy pictured a book of translations from those beautiful Welsh poems—at once so graphic and wild, so full of stirring action and of vivid imagery—which time has spared to us, and the zeal of the supporters of Cwmygeiddion societies and Eisteddfodau had rescued from oblivion, and now placed before the world. Perhaps the wish that it might so be was parent to the thought; and we expected an English version of ancient British ballads and poems, because we had so intensely enjoyed all that had ever reached us, and curiosity and expectation were awakened to hope for more. Instead, however, of a series of translations from poems which (as remarked by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY of the English ballads) by their energy of thought and expression, “more move the heart than the sound of a trumpet,” the poems before us are the production of one hand, and that a modern one. They give renderings into verse of several historical events and legends which had previously escaped the numbers of the poet, and embrace a great many subjects bearing no relation to Wales or her literature, unless the author, when he sings “The Loss of the President,” and “The Defeat of Afghanistan” would have us look upon him *quasi* Welsh bard, which is hardly possible, since a Welsh poet rhyming in English is a solecism scarcely endurable.

The poems are ushered in by a preface of some eight-and-thirty pages, containing many indications of independency of opinion, much sound thought, and vigorous writing. From certain features of his style, especially from his sentences being loaded, and their force weakened by a desire to convey *every* impression in his mind, we conclude that the author is a young writer. In forming his prose-style, he has looked very hard at SAVAGE LANDOR, and not without advantage.

We transcribe his definition of poetry, and some subsequent remarks.

Poetry is the voice of Nature speaking by numbers; and whoever has embraced most widely, or sympathised most profoundly with, the emotions of mankind in general, will, if otherwise qualified, give poetry its largest and truest utterance. It should embrace in its scope whatever hopes or fears, affections or passions, and whatever crimes or delusions enter into the existence, or disturb by reflection the inner world of humanity. To be perfect in its standard, it must be universal

in its range, not fearing to address those whose converse is among the stars, and not disdaining to exalt the simple, and offer incense on the altar of the hearth. But of such universal sympathy, supported by such a sound and enduring temper as would be required, we may despair, until haply some man highly destined hear and obey the call of his spirit's master. In the mean time, let those rank highest among the ministers of song, whose strain is most imbued with a spirit caught from the echoes of eternity. Let the heavenly be counted above the earthly, the pure above the sensual, and the deep groaning of fervid, though clay-bound imagination, higher than the polished keenness of even the soundest sense. The bad may have their poetry, but it must partake of their badness; not in so far as it is poetical, but in so far as it is of tainted origin. The mere man of the world, who counts prudence the chief virtue, and misfortune the greatest vice, may breathe his aspirations in poetry, but his strain will aspire to little beyond the ken and instinct of its author. The impassioned enterprise of lofty natures, and the gentle tenderness of the affectionate, must have the first and the second place. The poet will soar highest with the Aonian power, when the wings with which it supports him are least clogged with the heavy atmosphere of selfishness and earth.

Setting forth his intention in undertaking this work, our author states:

My object was only to embalm here an ancient legend, and there a living characteristic, which might be worth snatching, by means of song, from under the threatening train of steam-engines and schoolmasters: thus to attempt on a small scale for Wales, what abler hands have effected for other portions of the kingdom; to remind my countrymen that we, too, have an illustrious past; that if we have little direct share in the English worthies, we have their fellows in the temple of fame.

We think the writer would better have fulfilled this purpose, had he limited himself to poems, affecting, in some degree, the country, or her people. Abounding, as Wales does, in romantic legends and traditions, in curious superstitions and peculiar customs, and presenting moreover a hundred available traits in her history, which, to our knowledge, have never been turned to account by the poet, this writer cannot plead *want of material* wherewithal to labour, as an excuse for producing a patchwork instead of a uniform volume; and should his book reach to a second edition, we recommend him to eliminate all foreign matter, to clothe more of these interesting legends with the charms of verse, and let them take the place of the miscellaneous poems we now object to.

Upon the fact that the *Times* and the *Daily News*, when speaking of the people of this country, call them “Saxons,” our author dwells longer, and with much greater soreness than the importance of the circumstance justifies. The *Times* but echoes O’CONNELL, to whom the merit, if such it be, of first applying the term to the English belongs; and the *Daily News*, as it will and must do, follows at a far distance the *Times*. But the epithets of both will never mislead the merest child who has read our history, for he knows that the Celtic virtue forms no less important an ingredient than the Saxon, in the composition of the English character. The author’s apprehension, lest this delusion of the daily journals should acquire the value of history, is groundless; the term is mere newspaper cant, will have its day, and vanish harmlessly, as a thousand others have done before it. Further on we find some remarks on the manner in which the mediæval and subsequent writers regarded the fusion together of the British and Saxon races, and the just value they gave to the former, which we think well to transcribe.

In the great writers of the Elizabethan era, and their immediate successors, we are struck by the eye of unity with which they regard the well-mingled population of Great Britain. So far are they from considering the old British race as either alien or vassal, that they delight in honouring it, and consider its trophies and its virtues as in one sense their own,

as forming part of the inheritance of the nation. With what pride Spenser enumerates the early kings and the achievements attributed to them, as he traces the genealogy of his Queen into the dim regions of British story! How reverential is the language, though mixed with playfulness, in which Drayton consecrates his learning and poetry to the same subject! What a tone of national sympathy Shakespeare seems to utter in his Cymbeline; and how kindly is the ridicule which still leaves Fluellen more than respectable! Fletcher, in his Bonduca; Massinger, in his Virgin Martyr; Milton, in his Comus, where he calls the Welsh "An old and haughty nation, high in arms," and even far more strongly in his Latin Poems; have all something of the same broad community of feeling. Ben Jonson is somewhat more cynical, but, on the whole, good-natured.

The copious fund of learning, the laborious research, and, above all, the *affection*—to borrow a term applied by GILBERT WHITE to express natural affection, and used by our author antagonistically—which he evinces to his country, are most honourable to him; and, as we candidly avow we think more highly of his prose than his poetry, we venture to suggest to him that as Wales, though she has produced "worthies" not a few, has been blessed with no FULLER, he might render acceptable service to her, if he would undertake the filial duty of collecting material and writing the lives of those who have chiefly influenced her national and moral destiny, or apply himself to the production of a compendious and impartial history of the country.

Of the poems in this book, though many are good, and one or two excellent, on the whole we do not think highly. Their chief defect is an air of stiffness which, often painfully visible, proves that the author is not altogether at his ease in rhythmical writing. The imagery and sentiment are appropriate enough, but neither is sufficiently abundant. In short, the poems appear to be the first pinion-trials of a muse from which better and loftier flights may be expected hereafter. As a fair specimen of his narrative poems we extract his version of that monstrous masterpiece of treachery perpetrated by the Saxon HENGIST on his unsuspecting guests at Salisbury.

THE BANQUET OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

With open hand the Saxon came,
And lured us with his daughter's smile—
What knew we of the smouldering flame?
Woe, woe the time.

We gave him place in Thanet isle,
And linked with hand in fair accord;
Too late we learnt the Teuton wile,
Woe, woe the time.

O simple monarch! keep thy sword!
But they have all their belts unbond,
Four hundred princes round the board;
Woe, woe the time.

The blood-red wine, the mead go round,
Right soon a bloodier red shall shine;
"O harp, O harp! why fails thy sound?
Woe, woe the time."

The harper broke his loftie line:
"Now turn me, or I may not play,
Oh, turn me from that blood-red wine,
Woe, woe the time."

"Now, by the gods, thou harper gray,
In blindness and in age thou ravest;
They spoke with minds bereft of day,
Woe, woe the time.

"Demon, thy shadowye plume thou wavest,
My king, my prince, owa thy eill,
Wilt thou not help them, Lord, who savest?
Woe, woe the time."

The wine, the mead go round the hall,
And merrile the laugh is heard,
Oulie the harps are silent all,
Woe, woe the time."

Fowler, why spare the captive bird?
Now is the night, the hour of slaughter—
Too late, my countrymen, ye stirred,
Woe, woe the time.

Their generous lives are spilt like water,
Their sceptre passed to foes abhorred,
All for the Saxon's fair-haired daughter,
Woe, woe the time.

Oulie Caerlo's loftie lord
Cleaving alone his corse-paved way,
In ruin reared his vengeful sword,
Woe, woe the time.

As at his feet their bravest lay,
Atoning for their treacherous crime,
Well might the savage monarch say—
"Woe, woe the time!"

A pleasing poem of another kind is this, which describes the meeting of Welsh lovers. We may add, that though our author styles it "The Old Fashion of Welsh Courtship," the custom of meeting and courting by night still prevails throughout the Principality.

ANWYL AND BRONWEN.

THE OLD FASHION OF WELSH COURTSHIP.

Why waitest thou, fair maiden, at the midnight hour?
They all are gone to rest, but thou hast not the power:
Why watchest thou, and mournest in thy murmured strain,
"Oh, woe my restless heart, I cannot lull its pain."

"Why tarrie, O my Anwyl, when for thee I wait,
The hours have all run on, but Anwyl's foot is late;
The glowing peat has faded, and the night is chill,
But at my heart there is a flame consuming still."

"The stars have been my bright companions on my way,
But it is dark until I see thee flashing day:
The torrent crossed my path, the night frost gemmed my hair,
They have not quenched my love, my own, my Bronwen fair."

"Why dream I wait for thee, thou false and perfidious boy?
What care I if thou go where fairer maidens decoy?"
"O Bronwen, though I passed the fairies haunted tree,
I looked not on their dance, but hastened on to thee."

If water soften rock, and tyrants yield to prayer,
Then be who prays to maiden never need despair:
Their joy was like the joy when wildest dreams are gained,
Like when the gloomy deep is passed, and heaven attained.

It is not always that the world's award is just, though, in the long run, it mostly is. The vast continent of America does not bear the name of him who discovered it, but that of a mere adventurer who long after explored a part of it. So in many other instances. Let us not, however, permit this opportunity to pass of giving "honour due" to him who deserves it, and from whom it has been withheld. ROGER WILLIAMS, to procure a field where he could exercise the rights of conscience without restraint, emigrated with some followers to America. Of him, a writer in the *Quarterly Review*—supposed to have been SOUTHEY—says: "His history belongs to America rather than England; but we must not thus casually mention his name without an expression of respect and reverence, for he was one of the best men who ever set foot upon the new world—a man of genius and virtue, in whom enthusiasm took the happiest direction, and produced the best fruits. ROGER WILLIAMS deserves a place among the first "worthies" of Wales, for he began the first civil government upon earth that gave equal liberty of conscience." This man, (whose name, if all men had their due, would stand as high as WILLIAM PENN's for that upon which WILLIAM PENN's is founded,) wrote a book against what he called *The bloody tenet of persecution*; and the older COTTON answered it by another, with this dreadful title: "*The bloody tenet washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.*"

ROGER WILLIAMS.

The deer in the forest, the steed on the hill,
The wild bird is safe in the lone realm of air;
But we, if we worship our God at our will,
Have no rest from the sword save the den of despair.
Sillie deer will not trample their brother when wounded,
Winged raveners will pitie their fellow bird dying;
But ye, vain fanatics, by dark foe surrounded,
Still combat and read brother Christians in flying.

Let us go, let us go, o'er the far western wave,
Let us go where Religion with Freedom may dwell ;
The religion which opens the sky o'er the grave,
And the freedom our fathers defended so well.

Let the Englander still play the tyrant at home ;
But the true sons of Britain will never be slaves :
In the name of our fathers, my men, let us roam,
With our faith and our freedom beyond the far waves.

Let us found a new kingdom, where none shall oppress,
And none shall be lord of his fellow man's creed :
Like the angels we'll dwell, whose delight is to bless,
And we'll hand down the rights of mankind to our seed.

If we lose the fair language our sires spoke of old,
Yet with true British blood we can plant the far wild ;
And we'll keep, as the bardic Taliesin foretold,
To our Father Allmighty, our faith undefiled.

And when years shall have swept like a tide o'er the land,
And when glories shall leave what she cherishes now,
She will cross like the wind to America's strand,
And the Old World defiled to the New World shall bow.

We must find room for "Hugh Pugh," in which the author has happily caught the manner of the ancient ballad-writer, and the versification of which is more flexible and smooth than in most of the poems.

HUGH PUGH.

It was the famous olden time, when fighting was in vogue,
And he who could not fight was thought no better than a rogue ;
The jollie rows of Town and Gown were scarce then a joke,
For manie a pint of blood they shed, and manie a head they broke.

It was a lustie Welshman came out of his wild countrie,
And gallantlie he fought 'midst Town and Universitie ;
The strongest "snob" would bargain for at least companions two,

Before he went to fisticuffs, and ventured on Hugh Pugh.

It was a brawnie bargeman sat with pipe and pot in hand,
And swore he did not care a curse for anye in the land ;
And as for all your Undergrads, or even that Hugh Pugh,
Just let him have the chance to try, he'd teach them who was who.

The gallant speech was noised abroad by all the tongues of Fame,
And to the lists or to the ring the lustie champions came,
And voices shouted loud and high, and bets went merrilie,
And some the valiant Welshman backed, and some the broad bargee.

Oh, sturdilie, oh, sturdilie, the lustie champions stood,
Oh, merrilie, oh, merrilie, the fists of both drew blood ;
But ah, the fame of Wales and eke of Universitie,
The ample-shouldered Hugh is down, and leaning on one knee.

"Fair play, you bargee brute, fair play," the gowmens shouting all,
As still the bargeman forward pressed upon his foeman's fall ;
But pleasantrie the Welshman smiled, and to his friends he cried,
"Now make your bets, my merrie men, I'll just embrace my bride."

Then like a bolster in his arms the broad bargee he took,
And every living drop of breath from out his bodye shook ;
"Oh, spare him, sir, for heaven's dear sake," the townsmen shouted all,
And right good need they had, I ween, to raise their suppliant call.

For like the broad Antæus once in Hercules' embrace,
Even so the broad and bold bargee had blackened in the face ;
And when the rugged clasp relaxed in pitye and remorse,
Upon the ground the bargeman fell, scarce better than a corse.

And when at length he came to life, the Welshman all in vain
Invited him in courtesye to try a turn again.

"I thank you, sir," the bargeman cried, "but I've had quite enough—
If that's the way you hold your wife, she'll soon have quantum suff!"

Now, if you fain would know the space Hugh Pugh could leap across,
You must enquire at Oxford, sir, or else be at a loss ;
I'll only say that no two men in leap combined could clear it,
Such as at present freshmen are—and if you doubt, I'll swear it.

But years can tame the strong of limb, and wrinkle o'er the fair,
And many a hoarie winter's snow will change the raven hair ;
And stout Hugh Pugh is waxen old—and, vanquished in his turn,
His steps draw nigh the bourne from whence no travellers return.

In pride of youth and health, from out the wild and west country,
Two jolly countrymen there came the stout Hugh Pugh to see :
The old man's gentle heart was touched to hear the sound of Wales,
And fondlie sighed, remembering all her pleasant hills and vales.

He did not, like an Englishman, direct them to the inn,
But kindlie bade them come and try what cheer he had within :
His rusty black the old man doffed, and donn'd his Sunday best,
And sent the old port round the board with hospitable zest.

Right merrilie he told his feats and fought his battles o'er,
And mourned that men no longer were as men had been of yore :
But silent sadness came at length, and spite of all his cheer,
The old man bent his head in vain to hide the trickling tear.

"Would God," he sighed and said, "would God I had been born of old,

While Greece in high Olympic game gave honour to the bold :
When manlie feat of strength and skill with due applause was crowned,
Perchance my temples then had been with olive garland crowned.

"Now all unhonoured, all unknown, I sink into the grave,
And I shall tread the silent shore oblivion's waters lave ;
When young men strive, and old men praise their feats, alas ! how few
Will sing in song or tell in tale of young and strong Hugh Pugh.

"My old and loved compeers are gone, and I am left alone,
And scarce a friend above my head will raise memorial stone :
And you, my countrymen, farewell ! Heaven grant, I pray, to you
Some more enduring name and praise than fell to old Hugh Pugh."

Here we close our notice of a book, which, for sincerity of purpose, for the erudition and the enthusiasm of its writer, and for ability which support that enthusiasm, deserves well at the hands of the public, and we recommend it accordingly.

EDUCATION.

First Lessons in Geography, Astronomy, and the History of England. London : Ward and Co.

MORE than once we have had occasion to express our aversion to the catechetical method of instruction ; that is to say, to the popular method of making children commit a catechism to memory, and repeat the answer *verbatim*. It is a cover for idleness or ignorance in the teacher, and it makes of the pupil a parrot instead of a rational being. It is a great mistake to imagine that knowledge can be conveyed to children by a different process from that wherewith we teach ourselves. And what man, we ask, desirous of mastering a new branch of learning, would dream of beginning with a catechism ? No. He would first read carefully, again and again, the best elementary *treatise* on the subject ; that which described it in the most intelligible language, and with the fewest technicalities, and then he would, perhaps, test the accuracy of his memory by questions upon the book so read.

And so reason and experience alike prove that it should be with the education of children. Knowledge cut up into scraps, as in the popular catechisms, can never be more than parrot knowledge—words without ideas : or a mass of isolated ideas, without any clear view of the whole topic intended to be taught. We would banish all catechisms from the schools, and substitute simple treatises. The utmost we would permit in the form of a catechism would be a private hand-

book, for idle or ignorant teachers, containing a series of questions founded upon the treatises, by which, if they want skill to frame them for themselves, they may ascertain whether the meaning of the treatise has passed into the pupil's mind, or if the words have only entered at one ear to pass out at the other.

For these reasons we protest against the three little catechisms named above. But only in common with the rest of their tribe. Of their kind, they are as good as any we have seen, and in some particulars much better. They do not puzzle little children with words which only a learned philosopher can understand.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Four Lectures on the Organization of Industry; being Part of a Course delivered in the University of Cambridge in Easter Term, 1844. By T. C. BANFIELD, Esq. London. R. and J. E. Taylor.

THE immediate purpose of these Lectures was to call attention to the opinions recently promulgated by some of the continental economists, and which, if established, must materially modify the science, and tend to overthrow some hypotheses that hitherto have been received as axioms, and, therefore, have not been disputed. The most novel of these propositions are, first, the assertion of M. ROSSI, that value is essentially *subjective*, or conferred by the estimating party, rather than an inherent quality in the object valued, making men's wants, tastes, and feelings the standard of value; secondly, M. HERMANN's adoption of the relations that grow up between man and man, as a portion of the wealth and capital both of individuals and of nations.

The result of these doctrines is extremely important. If true, they recognize an economical value in the family and the national ties. They exalt the science of Political Economy far above the calculations of mere money loss and gain. They give to it wider and loftier aims. It becomes a moral as well as a material science. By means of some such views only can the discrepancies be accounted for which now render social life so difficult, because apparently so contradictory, a problem. Thus while Political Economy, so viewed, takes cognizance of the lowest wants of man, it is unbounded in the height which it can reach, and sets no limit to the aspirations of the human mind.

From his propositions Mr. BANFIELD demonstrates the folly of imposing artificial burdens in addition to those imposed by nature.

Within the limits we could allot, it would be impossible to trace the argument of these Lectures, which is, of itself, a condensation. We can only recommend them to the careful study of all economists, who will here find a new field for reflection opened to them, from which important results can scarcely fail to flow.

Lessons for Statesmen, with Anecdotes respecting them. By SAMUEL ROBERTS. London, 1846. Farrington. An appeal to the Prime Minister by a well-meaning, but somewhat silly enthusiast, who has worked himself into the conviction that the poor-law is the concentration of all mischief. The value of his opinion may be judged by this, that he calls the poor-law as it was, "the *holy old poor-law*." It is, therefore, certain, that Mr. ROBERTS is entirely ignorant of the practical working of that "holy law;" he never sat at a select vestry, or beheld its administration in country places, where there was no check upon the abuses of parish officers and their patrons. If Mr. ROBERTS had ever done this, he would have known that there is scarcely a mischief in the entire catalogue of crime or cruelty which was not practised with impunity upon the unprotected paupers, by those who had a direct interest in reducing them to the condition of a

living death. The new poor-law may not be perfect; nay, we think many amendments might be beneficially introduced; but of this we are sure, that if it were all that its opponents represent it, it is humanity itself, compared with the practical working of the "holy" old law.

It is remarkable, that the enemies of the existing poor-law never propose a substitute for it. Whether we turn to the columns of *The Times*, or to the speeches in Parliament, we cannot find an intimation of what the denouncers of it would do if they had the power. This is proof positive that their hostility is more sentimental than rational, prompted by prejudice and ignorance, rather than by the dictates of a sound judgment; for when conviction springs from the latter, it is never content with mere fault-finding; it proposes the remedy, or if it can suggest nothing, it holds its tongue. It would be well if Mr. ROBERTS would think of the substitute, before he demands the abolition.

RELIGION.

The Supremacy of the Scriptures, the Divine Rule of Religion. By the Rev. JAMES DAVIES. London, 1846. Ward and Co.

A RECOMMENDATORY letter from Dr. PYE SMITH prefaces this pious book, whose purpose appears to be to shew that there is no such thing as that which is termed Natural Religion: that the visible creation is an insufficient guide in matters of religious belief, and, consequently, that the Bible is the only sure and safe rule of faith. The author writes with earnestness, and with more of argument than is usual in works of this class. One section of the treatise will be new to most readers, and interesting to all. It is a review of the doctrines of "the fathers," abstracted with apparent fairness, but in a short space, the purpose being to shew that they also cannot be relied upon as guides in religious faith. The work was probably suggested by the recent movement in the Church towards Rome. It is one of Mr. DAVIES' merits that he is mild and tolerant beyond the custom of theologians.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. By AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SCHLEGEL. Translated by JOHN BLACK, Esq. late Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Revised, according to the last German edition, by the Rev. A. J. W. MORRISON, M.A. London, 1846. Bohn.

In England, where the science of Ästhetics is yet in its infancy, where criticism is little better than an expression of individual opinion, based upon no principles, guided by no rules; the circulation, in a cheap form, of translations of the most famous treatises of our more reflective neighbours will, it is to be hoped, prove of essential service, by spreading a taste for studies more profound than those which usually characterise the literature of England. To Mr. BOHN, therefore, is much credit due for having availed himself of the large circulation of his "Standard Library" to introduce into it, and thus to the general British public, the admirable Lectures of SCHLEGEL on Dramatic Art, in which criticism is conducted as a science, and where the principles of the drama are evolved with astonishing acumen, and applied with a felicity without rival in the whole range of literature. To our countrymen these Lectures will especially recommend themselves for the honour they pay to SHAKESPEARE, who has found in the German critic a finer and truer appreciation of his beauties, and more accurate and extensive understanding of his meaning, than ever he has among his own people. If an

Englishman desires thoroughly to know SHAKESPEARE, he must read with attention these Lectures of SCHLEGEL, who has certainly mastered him more entirely than any one of his multitudinous critics.

Philip Musgrave.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 680.)

A PLEASING account of the commencement and progress of a settlement in America, is that contained in the following lines:

Some fifteen years prior to the time I speak of, the tract of country now constituting my parish was a wild wilderness of woods, untrodden by the foot of man, where the bear, the wolf, and the panther, the fox, the deer, the beaver, and racoons, held undisturbed possession, save when a solitary trapper or a wandering Indian invaded their wild domain. At length a bold adventurer, with little capital, so little that it would not have availed him much in an old settlement, where land was of greater value, bought a large tract of land, and came to live upon it. He built a house and made a "clearing." The first settler is soon obliged to hire labourers, when one or two, with perhaps large families and very poor, will come and build a hut, and make a little clearing, and "locate" themselves beside him, so as to be near their work. These persons are called squatters, and generally, when the land is sold, they either purchase a small portion comprising their improvements, or sell these improvements to any one else who may have bought the land. The purchaser, at any rate, must pay for their labour upon the land before he can turn them off and get possession. By degrees others, in like circumstances with the first, will come and settle there. These are generally young and single men, whose whole capital has been expended in the first payment for a lot of land, the purchase of a yoke of oxen, an axe, and a few other implements, together with a year's provisions. They also make a little clearing, build a house, and then get married. When a dozen families or more are thus located, they naturally require and soon obtain, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a shoemaker, and other artizans. Then, again, when the place has thus assumed a thriving appearance, some married man will come among them and build a mill or open store, or both. In the course of time children are born, and soon grow up and need instruction: then a school-house is erected. This serves also for a church or meeting-house, just as some one of our own clergy, scattered so sparingly over this extensive country, or some itinerant dissenting preacher, may chance to pay a passing and occasional visit to the settlement. The next step in their gradual progress is to set on foot a subscription for a church, as they call it, to be open to all denominations—a sort of joint-stock company concern, in which all the "thousand and one" denominations of professing Christians are to share and share alike. Happily the people generally fail in the completion of this object. They become involved in debt, and then apply to us to get them out of it. We soon succeed in doing so, thanks to the liberality of the two great Church societies at home; but we take care, first to secure to our own Church the exclusive right to the building. We cannot indeed do otherwise, if we do anything at all in such cases, however much we may be taunted with illiberal exclusiveness and bigotry. Thus by degrees a little village is formed, with a sprinkling of farm-houses scattered far and wide around it, and becomes, if the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts have means and missionaries at their command, the head quarters of a mission, which in due course of time is erected into a parish. All this, however, is accomplished, as may easily be imagined, at no small sacrifice on the part of the poor inhabitants.

A frightful picture is drawn by the missionary of the Asiatic cholera, and its ravages among this remote people. We extract some of the particulars given, with an account of the death of an old man, the only survivor from this terrible scourge out of a family of eleven souls.

The ravages of this fell destroyer extended throughout the whole length and breadth of the continent of America. The inhabitants of the great towns had been actually decimated; and in many of the country settlements, if we had possessed the same means of accurately ascertaining the number of its

victims, they would, I have every reason to believe, have been found quite as numerous. In some places there was hardly a house in which some one had not died. I knew one house in which, out of a family of eleven souls, only one had been spared. He was an old man of ninety years of age, the father and grandfather of the victims. After this fearful catastrophe he went away, none knew whither. He was never heard of afterwards. His house was left to him desolate indeed; nor would any one live in it afterwards. It therefore soon fell into decay, and the plough has since then passed over the spot. There was something mysterious about this old man's disappearing in the way he did, and connected as it was with some strange rumours which were bruited abroad in the neighbourhood at the time, and were most firmly believed by the common people. It was said that a spectre haunted his deserted dwelling; but I suspected from the first that the poor broken-hearted old man was the real spirit so often seen, and who doubtless came out from his hiding-place, wherever that was (most likely in the wild woods), to visit and weep over the graves of his children. They were buried on the spot where they died, as many of the cholera victims were; and most probably he continued to come out in this secret and stealthy manner, till sickness or death—perhaps a violent one, as was generally believed—put an end to his visits, his sorrows, and his life together. I felt deeply interested in his fate. There were, indeed, many circumstances in his little history which contributed in no small degree to create this feeling. He was a Saxon by birth, and came out to this continent during the American war, as a sergeant in the German Legion. He had been in a great many hard-fought battles, in which he had been wounded five times. He was with General Burgoyne when he surrendered at Saratoga. He knew poor Major André, and was one of a party who made some futile attempts to rescue him. On one occasion, when straggling beyond the outposts in the dusk of the evening with a comrade, he was taken prisoner by the enemy. In consequence of not being in their full uniform, they were considered to be spies, were tried by a court-martial, found guilty, and condemned to be shot. Until the following morning, when the awful sentence was to be carried into execution, they were put into a barn, for want of a more fitting place of confinement, and were guarded by two sentries. In the middle of that night, which was to have been their last, they resolved to make an attempt to escape. "We could, you know," the old man would say when he came to this part of his story, "but he killed a few hours before they intended to murder us, and it would have been murder, as we were not spies; and so, hopeless as the attempt was, we determined to try it." They shouldered each a long mullen-stalk,* which they found among the rubbish in the old barn. The doors being fastened on the inside, they easily managed to open one, and sallied forth, very stealthily, till they got close to the sentry who had been placed there to guard it. Him they charged with their mock weapons;—the night was so dark he could not distinguish them from real ones—and threatened to bayonet him if he made the slightest attempt to give the alarm to the other sentry. He submitted to their demand, yielded up his firelock, and they took him prisoner. Being now really and effectively armed, they easily mastered the other soldier, and, with their two prisoners, after many "hair-breadth 'scapes," they arrived in safety within the British lines. The truth of this story in all its particulars was fully confirmed to me by an old officer of the same regiment. After the war was over the Legion was disbanded, and he came, with many of his companions in arms, into these provinces; got married, purchased with his hard-earned savings a little farm, and proved a worthy, honest, and industrious settler. Such was his stirring and active life; but his death, as I have said, was wrapped in mystery. "Years flew by," and the ghost, and the old man, and haunted house, were alike forgotten, or rather, like a thrice-told tale, they had ceased to interest any one; when a circumstance occurred which brought them all again most vividly to our remembrance. Some alarm had been excited by a report that a catamount, or American panther, had been seen in the adjoining woods. The report, however, was so vague that few people believed it. At length all doubts upon the subject were solved, for it was actually

* This is a weed which is peculiar to this country. It grows sometimes to the height of ten feet, when its stalk is as thick as a good-sized walking-stick.

killed by an Indian. In its den were found some relics of a human being, some broken bones, several buttons, and some decayed fragments of clothes: enough, in short, to remove all doubt as to what the fate of the poor old man had been.

Drunkenness would seem to be the most crying evil of all new settlements. The extent of this vice in our author's district, and the crimes to which it gave birth, are detailed in the following passage:—

Some idea may be formed of the extent to which this vicious habit was carried, from the fact that one-third of the houses in the place were taverns. Now, however, we have happily less than half the number we had at that period; and, what is better still, there is hardly a drunkard in the settlement. It cannot be doubted that the establishment of the church tended greatly to improve the morals of the people, and to promote the interests of true religion: and I would fain hope that my humble endeavours had some share in producing so beneficial a change. There was something so very extraordinary, and the hand of Providence was so conspicuously manifested in the means by which we got rid of these drunkards, that I must give the reader some account of it. They all, save the two wretched beings I have mentioned, and another who really reformed, either came to sudden and untimely ends, or were dispersed abroad as outcasts and wanderers over the face of the earth; some of them with the indelible brand of a Cain upon their foreheads. Two, in a fit of drunkenness, murdered their wives and ran away, and have never been heard of since. One, in the same state, insulted and abused a young woman he met with on his way home from a tavern, and the poor victim of his villainy was found dead the next morning where he left her: he was hanged for the deed. Another, attempting to cross the river on the ice, missed his way and fell into an open place, where the current was so rapid that the water is never frozen over, and was drowned. Two more came to a similar end, while fishing for shad during the spring freshet. But my calendar of extraordinary events is not completed yet. Another fell over a precipice of some eighty or a hundred feet, and was killed on the spot. I myself saw the crushed and mangled body before it was removed from the spot. It appeared, from the evidence before the coroner, that this unfortunate man had been drinking in a miserable log-hut hard by with its proprietor. The hut was of the poorest description. The walls were of rough unheaved timber, and the roof of bark. It belonged to a "squatter,"* and was situated on a piece of waste land between the road and the precipice, so near the latter, and so limited in extent, that the legal proprietor had never paid any attention to it, not considering it worth fencing in. When the unfortunate man left his hut, most probably in a state of intoxication, the night was very dark, and he must have gone a few steps, a very few, out of his way. The fate of the squatter himself was equally horrible, and still more mysterious. He was a lone old man; apparently of a retired and unsocial disposition, as he was seldom seen in company with any one. He seemed to have no occupation, and no apparent means of obtaining a livelihood. His dress and appearance were those of a labouring man of the poorest class of Irish; and yet he always paid in ready money for whatever he bought at the stores. He was frequently absent for weeks together; but where or for what purpose, no one knew. None ever saw him depart or return. The only indication of his absence was an old rusty padlock at the door of his hut, and a rough bass-wood slab before his solitary window as a shutter. This was securely fastened somehow or other, from the inside. There was also, on such occasions, a similar slab placed over the top of the chimney, or rather, the hole in the roof which served instead of a chimney, so as effectually to prevent any one from peeping into the rude hut. No one was ever known to visit him, except the poor unfortunate man of whom I have just spoken. And yet the old man was not altogether alone either: he had always with him, whether at home or abroad, one constant companion. This was a dog of enormous size, and gaunt as a wolf, but more from want of sufficient food than from his natural con-

formation. Indeed, from his black ears, and his muzzle of the same colour, as well as from his long shaggy coat, as fine as silk and as white as snow, it was evident that he was a pure and perfect specimen of a species of the Newfoundland breed which is not known in England; at least, it was not known a quarter of a century ago, when I left it. They are so rare even in this country, that I have never seen more than half a dozen of them. There was, in short, a mystery about the man and his dog which no one could penetrate; and mystery, in the eyes of the common people in all countries, begets fear. So generally did this feeling prevail in this instance, that few cared to pass his lonely dwelling after sunset. Besides, there was some story abroad of his having shot a man in his native country, for having offered a higher rent for his "shelter" than he had himself been willing to give for it; and that he had fled to this country to escape the consequences of an act which he, in his mistaken ideas, looked upon only in the light of retributive justice. But the avenger of blood was immediately behind him on his trackless path across the wide Atlantic. At least, it was whispered in the neighbourhood that two sons of the murdered man came out in the same ship with him, but lost sight of him on their landing; and, after a long and fruitless search, they at length discovered their victim in this solitary hut. One of these brothers was the man whom I have already said was found dead at the foot of the neighbouring cliff. He was an idle, drunken vagabond, certainly; but his death was no longer considered as accidental. The other brother, although a poor man, was sober, steady, and industrious, and seemed to be a permanent settler in the place. After the funeral of his brother, he was no longer seen at his usual occupation, which was that of a cooper; and, upon inquiry, it was found he had left the settlement and gone no one knew whither. It was also discovered about the same time, that the Solitary's hut was silent and tenantless, except that the fierce gaunt dog was always there. Weeks thus passed away before it was discovered that his murdered master's body was in the hut, and that the faithful dog who guarded it, although famishing, had never attempted to touch it. Of course the common people have ever since considered the place haunted; and I really do not wonder at it. With all my philosophy I must acknowledge, although not without some degree of shame, that although I would not go out of my way to avoid it, yet I have never since passed the burnt and blackened remains of that old ruined hut in the night without uncomfortable feelings. The wild and desolate spot, associated as it is with a recollection of these dreadful and mysterious events—the edge of that fatal cliff where the two strong and powerful men must have been engaged in their fearful struggle for life and death, brought back to my memory, despite my better judgment, all the horrors of ghost and barghest, of fairy, wraith, and goblin, so deeply imprinted on my mind in early childhood. Ye careful and affectionate mothers—and mine was both—ye have indeed a difficult task to perform in saving the susceptible minds of your darling offspring from being contaminated with the foolish tales of the nursery! Do what ye can, impressions which ye know not of will inevitably be formed there—impressions which in after-life can never be totally obliterated.

When the rebellion broke out in Canada, our missionary and the young men of his congregation, took up arms in defence, as he says, "of their altars, hearths, and indeed their very existence." He took part in, at least, one sharp engagement, and, on suppression of the insurrection, eventually returned with his little band to their homes.

His account of this engagement will be read with interest:—

At length, without further obstruction, we reached a populous village, where we were met by two regiments of regular troops and a brigade or two of artillery. Here we also came up with the enemy. They occupied a well-chosen and rather formidable position, and were evidently determined to make a desperate stand. Our arrival was the signal of battle; and we had no sooner taken up the position assigned to us by an aide-de-camp than the fight began. The roar of artillery and musketry, the clashing of sabres and bayonets, the shouts of the combatants, the groans of the wounded and dying, the murderous charge of the cavalry, altogether, as might naturally be

* Squatters are persons who settle on vacant or ungranted lands without any real authority to do so. They were so numerous that the law has made some provision in their behalf. When the lands are sold they have the right of pre-emption, or if the land goes at a higher rate than they choose or are able to give, the purchaser must pay them for their improvements before he can turn them off.

supposed, gave rise to feelings in a novice like myself, which it would be impossible to describe. I may say, however, that these feelings were very different from what I had supposed they would have been before the action commenced. Fear and apprehension prevailed then; partly for my own personal safety, but more, I think, from some other cause, I hardly know what, unless it was the suspense, the death-like stillness which prevailed before the battle began, during which minutes seemed hours. But the moment the first shot was fired, the spell was broken, the oppressive weight was removed from my mind, and all was excitement and triumphant exultation, as I saw my young men so fearlessly and so resolutely rush upon the foe. The battle lasted several hours; the rebels fought at first with more cool and determined bravery than we had given them credit for possessing; and even afterwards, when all but discomfited, they fought with desperation; their leaders at least did. One of them, whose means of escape were cut off, refused quarter as the price of his surrender, and fought alone till he was actually shot down. Another shot himself, to avoid being taken alive. A great many of the poor deluded wretches were killed upon the field of battle; many, as they were running away, were deliberately shot by such of our men as had rifles. I myself heard one man boast of having brought down three of them, just as if they had been so many wild beasts of the forest. Several of our men were wounded, and some few killed; but how many I never could ascertain. The horrors of that fearful day were by no means over, as we supposed, when the victory was achieved, and we had turned away on our homeward journey from that doomed village. Before we were out of sight every house was in flames, and in a few hours more it was heap of ruins. On the evening of the following day, to the unspeakable delight of our families and friends, we arrived safe and unharmed at our several homes.

Some remarks on pluralities, clergy reserves, and politics, in which his prejudices peep out very glaringly, follow, and do any thing but add to the fairness of the book. Where our author is mistaken, however, in his views, we must do him the justice to say his judgment is blinded, for he is ever sincere, wishing and striving for what he thinks best. He still remains in his mission, and long may he live to discharge its duties. Here we must take our leave of an interesting and instructive book—one written in an unaffected and earnest manner, abounding in vivid description and useful reflections, and which we therefore commend to the reader.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Italien : von GEORG VON MANTEN. Stuttgart, Scheible, Rieger, und Sattler.
(*Italy : by GEORG VON MANTEN. Stuttgart, &c.*)
Venedig im Jahre 1844 ; von AV. BINZER. Mit einer karte. Pesth, Heckenhast ; Leipzig, Georg Wigand.
(*Venice in the Year 1844 ; by AV. BINZER. With a map. Pesth, &c.*)

If ever German had the power and opportunity of treating largely of Italy, it would be the author of the first-named work. In Italy he was born, and spent there the greater part of his youth; in after years he returned to the country, and devoted himself to the prosecution of an elaborate work on the land and people of his adopted country. His work on Venice, published some time since, led us to anticipate much in what was then to follow; nor has the promise implied been disappointed. The first two volumes are all that have as yet appeared to claim our attention. The first treats scientifically of the nature of the soil, the formation of the land, of the waters, the air, the climate, and the meteorological appearances of Italy.

The author begins with a very interesting description of the Alpine world which encloses northern Italy, followed by an equally instructive account of the Appenines, that "Spine of the Peninsula," as they have been termed. The large and comprehensive views taken of the whole are combined with close geognostic details,

and individual sketches and anecdotes, in such manner that the reader is carried onward as lightly and pleasantly as if he were perusing mere personal travels, instead of a work which other treatment would have rendered heavy and uninteresting.

We will not here enter into the evidences of various geological formations, characterizing the face of Southern Europe, into which the author carries us at some length; we need not contemplate the efforts and struggles of nature, which eventually formed the beautiful Alps, nor the second violent eruption, from which the Appenines burst forth, and raised with them the little land of Italy from the depths of the sea. Without this eruption, Italy had never been; we should have heard nothing of an ancient or a modern Rome. A gap in the surface of the earth, the raging of the waters, an eruption of glowing rock and stone above its surface, and we have before us the origin of Italy. We will pass over these details, and give, here and there, some notices, which manifest the author's agreeable style of blending together contemplations of nature and art. Speaking of the gabbro, a coarse-grained mixed stone, somewhat of the nature of the Serpentine, he makes the observation, that its contrasts of colour occasioned in Genoa and Siena the custom of building churches and public buildings of black and white, thus forming a kind of check, which was afterwards regarded as symbolical of the union of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. He likewise suggests, had Vicenza not furnished such excellent architectural materials, would the world have seen Palladio? One of the most interesting chapters, as might readily be imagined, is that on the volcanos. Vesuvius and Etna, the Lipari Isles, and the island of Ferdinand, which arose suddenly in the sea, and as suddenly disappeared, are alike treated of, in due course. With these are combined investigations into the effects produced by the earthquakes there, &c. &c. The writer displays throughout his deep love and admiration of the beauties of nature, so prodigally offered to us in these lovely regions; and his rhapsodies, not being confined to mere descriptions, but blended with philosophical explanations, will, we imagine, be found to differ from the mere treatise of a traveller. We extract a few of his remarks on the celebrated blue grotto of the island of Capri:—

For the first few moments, dazzled by the brilliant light without the grotto, one can distinguish nothing but the indescribably beautiful heaven blue colour of the tranquil sea, which forms the ground of the cave; before long, however, the eye becomes accustomed to this gentle light, reflected from below, and again returned by the moist, sparkling stalactites that hang from the vaulted roof. This blue light gave us all a very ghostly appearance, but was unspeakably beautiful shining on the objects beneath the surface of the water; the oars, the bottom of the boat, hands playing with the water, the foot of the rocky walls. The fish, however, swimming beneath, looked coal-black. After recovering from the first surprise, I endeavoured to discover the cause of this magical appearance. The water is here seventy-six feet deep, the daylight falls direct upon it, and is thence reflected into the cavern. Does not this manifestation of the effect of light refute entirely Goethe's theory of colour? The blue colour of the sea is not the effect of light on a dark, lightless object, but the absolute colour of the sea water, even if that colour be so slight as not to be perceived in a bottle filled with it. It is the same with a pane of glass, which, seen through the surface, appears colourless, but, if examined lengthwise, is found to be either green or blue, because in this position we receive light through the medium of many layers of glass, instead of through a single line. Could we remove the several layers of sea-water which fill the grotto, and replace them by clear glass, the effect would be precisely the same.

From this point begins the account of the springs, baths, lakes, and seas of Italy, with which so much of the ancient mythology is connected. The dogs on the body of the ill-fated Scylla are naturally accounted for

by the roaring of the waves among the rocks, said by many to resemble the howling of dogs; the legend of the river Alpheus running beneath the sea, in order to unite with the beautiful Arethusa in Sicily, is explained by the spring of fresh water which shoots up in the middle of the harbour of Syracuse. The account of the dykes of the Po, and the Venetian lagunes, are particularly interesting; concerning the latter, Herr MANTEN's work on Venice contains also much information. A remarkable contrast to the moist and watery district of the Po and the lagunes is offered by the innumerable dry beds of rivers in Southern Italy, which, running merely a short course from the Appenines to the sea, are for the most part dry, except in the rainy season.

The dykes of the Po are undoubtedly among the most remarkable monuments of Italy, especially when we consider the ages that have elapsed since they were built, and that even before the days of the Romans, they were sedulously and carefully maintained. The Po brings with it from the Alps the contributions of so many streams, that its eastern side would be completely inundated, were not the river confined by two strong dykes: between these it flows at an evident height above the surrounding fields and villages, resembling, in fact, a high canal or aqueduct upon a gigantic scale. This giant dam rises two feet above the utmost known height of the water, and, where protected by the natural banks, is eighteen feet in breadth; where unsupported, the breadth is twenty-five feet. The strictest rules have been established and enforced to preserve the efficacy of this important bulwark. No cattle are suffered to graze on these banks, no trees to be planted there, and in every direction overseers are stationed, under the inspection of district engineers. When the water reaches a certain point, every officer hastens to his post; in addition to the ordinary watch, patrols ride night and day up and down the banks. If the water rises high enough to threaten danger, the night posts are doubled, and cannons fired to give due notice; every hour a report is made, no officer dare leave his post, and the service, in fact, is precisely like that before an enemy. At the first shot, the alarm bells are heard tolling on all sides, the whole population hastens to the besieged point, and works away through darkness and bad weather, until the sirocco has ceased and the waters begin to sink, or until, on the other hand, the dyke is broken through, and the rush of water puts an unhappy termination to the excitement, apprehension and suspense of the assembled crowds.

Herr MANTEN treats at some length of the peculiar nature of the sea in this direction; its remarkable transparency is such, that in the clear sunlight, and with quiet water, you may see to a depth of four-and-twenty feet, quite as deep as in the Garda Lake, and far beyond what can be seen in any stream.

As soon, however, as the slightest breeze ruffles the surface of the water, the depths become dark, in proportion of course to the size and strength of the waves; seeing that every motion must disturb the fall of light, and refract it considerably; consequently, the fishermen of Naples always carry with them a small flask of oil; if the water be disturbed, they pour a few drops upon it; the oil expands rapidly on the surface, and in a few seconds forms a clear glass, through which, as in a mirror, you can trace the bottom of the sea, and the fish or mollusc that inhabit it. This pure and transparent water, which in a vessel will appear perfectly colourless, is, like the air, of a deep blue tint, the deeper the water the deeper the blue. We all know how, on a voyage beyond sight of land, the sea is of a much deeper colour than the sky ever is, even beneath the tropics. In the canals of Venice, Trieste, and Leghorn, in the inner harbours of Naples, &c. the water is of a dark green colour, owing to the constant disturbance of the black clayey soil. One of the most beautiful appearances of the sea here is the white spectre-like light which the waves give at every motion. It is never seen in perfectly still water, and only on the surface, and is the more striking in violent motions, and is seen particularly in the waves dashed back by the keel of a vessel, in the splashing of the oars, &c. If water be cast on high, there is a bright spark to be seen wherever a drop

falls back again into the sea. This light, called by the Venetians *Ardore de mar*, lasts longer than an electric spark, though only for a few seconds, and vanishes as the drops become tranquil; it is more to be observed in the summer, and disappears altogether during the cold winter. The nearer you approach the land, the livelier it becomes; it seemed to me more beautiful in the canals of Venice and the harbour of Naples than elsewhere. I asked a sailor in Naples from what it arose, and he, with all the security and conviction of a long-established truth, explained it as the result of the putrefaction of marine animals; the Gondoliers of Venice declared the same thing; this view seems to have been that taken by antiquity, and the reason that the ancients, like the populace of the present day, considered the appearance beneath their attention. To me also Parrots' explanation appears the only correct one, namely, that the cause must be sought for in the putrefaction, not only of the animals themselves, but of the quantity of slime, that, during life, they are constantly forming, which, when it comes in contact with atmospheric air, instantly becomes alight. This light has nothing whatever in common with the electrical spark; I never saw a marine animal, like the glow-worm, producing a voluntary light.

Again, of Charybdis, he remarks:—

This whirling, storming, and foaming, is not in reality so dangerous as the fancy of the Greeks and Romans represented it to be, neither is it so utterly harmless as many modern writers, who perhaps merely saw it during the tranquillity of summer weather, have been willing to declare. During the years from 1806 to 1816, when the English held possession of Sicily, great exertions were made to ensure the safety of ships entering the straits, without, however, preventing many accidents. In 1813, a Greek shebeek sank in Charybdis; some months later a Sicilian brig was lost there; in the beginning of 1815 an English vessel, manned with 75 first-rate seamen, was dragged into the whirlpool and there dashed to pieces; the dead bodies of the crew were found on the following day five or six miles further south, in the direction of Scaletta and Laormina. The death of Nicolas Pesce, Schiller's diver, in the Charybdis, is well known; so also is the legend of Saint Francis of Paolo, who crossed it in his mantel. Panthey relates the only instance on record of any one crossing these straits, like Leander and Byron traversed the Dardanelles. Four Frenchmen, in garrison at Reggio, undertook, one clear moonlight night, the bold project of swimming across the Faro; three of the men were lost, only one escaped with his bare life, to be welcomed by his countrymen in Messina.

The second volume is, for the most part, devoted to an examination of the Flora and Fauna of Italy, which will be found an invaluable aid to the scientific student. It is hardly necessary to follow the details here offered to us into all their minutiae; rather let us pass over them, and the elaborate zoological details, to come to mankind. Herr MANTEN has, we imagine, well characterized the Italian nation, in these remarks:—

These descendants of the Roman nations in the south of Europe form a remarkable contrast to the Germanic inhabitants in the north, a contrast which may often be lost sight of in the French, Belgians, and French Swiss, but which is strikingly apparent when we regard and contrast the Britons as the celtic inhabitants of the extreme north-west, and the Italians as the Romans of the opposite south-east. The chief cause of this remarkable difference is to be found in the climate, and the difference is yet the greater, inasmuch as the ancestors of the one, the modern Italians, present a type in mind and body of a more southern race, and those of the other a type of a nation originally belonging to still colder regions. The second cause lies in history. Twice rulers of the world, the Italians, like the Greeks, revel in their reminiscences of past greatness, and thus lose sight of every thing that marks the present. The northern European, on the contrary, is greater than his forefathers ever were; he thinks on them with affection, but without wonder, and looks rather forward than behind, because in the past there is little or nothing to be seen. The immediate influences of temperature are, in the third place, to be taken into consideration. Warmth invites man into the air, into the streets, the fields, beneath the shade of trees; cold im-

pels him to hide in the warmth of his dwelling, and to do all in his power to shut out air and generate heat, by means of warm clothing, and fire-warmth incites to a free, careless enjoyment of life, cold to industry and exertion. Warmth producing, through all nature, rapid and luxurious development, induces sure and easily obtained means of living, to which cold is inimical. Consequently, among the southerns, the capacities of feeling and the tendency towards the external become strongly manifested, while among the northerns the powers of intellect, and the inclination to look within, are most remarkable; the first are distinguished for quick comprehension and great apprehensibility; the latter for calm deliberation, and unending perseverance. With instant perception the Italian casts a glance upon the circle around him, moves in it with perfect freedom from all restraint, seizes at once upon the practical side of life, and, with a social, genial heartiness which makes him incomparable in this respect, with brilliant words, while every motion gives point to his speech, he imparts to you his lively, animated comments upon the world in general, compassionating the cold, heavy weight of the northman, who, on the other hand, looks with harshness and distrust upon his flexibility and instability, his want of earnestness and precision in all technical pursuits. The first frost of autumn kills every flower of the north in its richest beauty, strips the leaves from the trees, and banishes the songsters of the air. With earnest sorrow man takes leave of the world of plants and animals without, that must now be shut from him by the snow of a long winter. Forms of death attend him, as he retires to the stillness of his home; there his fancy has free play, to frame, from itself, the many-sidedness of life, denied to him in its reality. After a long interruption spring returns; every thing bursts forth anew, every one goes out into the air, gathering violets and forget-me-nots, rejoicing in the greenness of the woods, in the song of the lark and the nightingale, and regarding all creation, thus freshly restored, with deep and ardent love. But with spring comes the season of labour; provision must be made for the frowning winter; and only after six days of real hard work, is the industrious countryman suffered to rest and roam, free of employments, through his fields, or gossip at pleasure with his village neighbours. How different is it in the south! Without hindrance, plants here bring forth their fruits and flowers, and when those are withered, others take their place; in Sicily the winter is richer in flowers than the summer; the heat is then so great as almost to induce a pause in physical life, which again bursts forth when comparative coolness returns. The countryman finds sustenance and occupation all the year round in his fields, in his garden, his grapes, and olives; every day sends him into the air; the mild winter is, for him, a luxuriant spring, always rich and fruitful, but with him, there is little depth of acknowledgment in his contemplation of all that surrounds him; he has never known what it is to be without.

The southern feels and enjoys the influence of external nature, without giving himself account thereof, or being in any way conscious of its effect; his practical mind is, therefore, wholly bent upon the study of human nature. He is cold to the cold stone, to the birds and flowers which do so much in inspiring the imaginations of the north. For this reason was it that so long as the civilization and cultivation of other nations depended upon the south of Europe, all the natural sciences were unpardonably neglected, while eloquence, oratory, law, &c. were carried to the utmost point of perfection; for this reason, also, the Italian of the present day loves in the arts only representations of the human form, while in the north a love and knowledge of nature is cultivated to a great extent in landscapes, paintings of fruit, animals, &c.

In fact, the indifference, not to call it disgust, of the Italians to all animals, may be traced to this cause. The tendency of man, perseveringly to follow the path now trodden unwillingly, has one remarkable consequence, that, not contented with equalizing the inequalities of nature, he brings forth in himself extreme contraries, for what fails us we seek, and what we seek earnestly we find. Therefore is it that the Italian is more moderate than the northern, because nature offers him

abundant means of nourishment; more temperate, because he has more wine; he can even bear more cold, because with him it is warmer.

As characteristic of the various provinces, a small, but excellent collection of popular songs is given, each in its own and appropriate dialect. The editor is particularly careful in his descriptions of the customs, games, and traditions of the people, even to the sports of children, in which, having himself joined as a child, he is very sincerely interested, and gives a very detailed account. These last few years have rendered us aware of the importance of these points in the study of national character, and caused us to regret how little observation has been given to the subject, and how few works there are to which we may confidently refer on the matter. We must, therefore, regard this second volume as filling up a void long felt, and offer it to the earnest attention of friends of such studies and pursuits.

Speaking of children's sports, the author remarks—

In Italy no game of violence is ever practised; the animated Italian regards a blow, even in play, as rough and brutal, and, moreover, unwise, seeing that it inspires ill-will and revenge. Children here are, and have ever been, educated without blows; the rod is not here an instrument of instruction; they are, on the contrary, early taught to regard blows as unworthy of Christians either to give or to receive. In Venice, blows are jestingly styled *Orzo tedesco*, German barley, and the habit of giving and taking blows is one of those which have mainly contributed to lower the German to the estimation of slaves in the eyes of the Romans.

This remark is worthy of note, seeing that the reproach made to the Germans by the present Italians was reversed eighteen or nineteen hundred years ago, when the Romans were considerably astonished that beating was never practised among them.—Of cards and their origin, he remarks—

There lies a deeper meaning in this game, as in chess, than may be generally known or acknowledged. These four drawings signify the four conditions of society, the church, *coppe*, the priesthood; the sword, *spada*, the nobility and military; money, *danari*, the trading classes, burgers; and clubs, *bastoni*, the lower order, or peasantry. Each division runs from one to ten; then follows the *fante*, pedestrian or plebeian; *cavalli*, horsemen, knights; and *Ré*, the general or supreme head; so the four orders contend under the influences of cunning and luck, which gives the advantage first to this party, then to that, now to the other. The French cards, like the German, are later importations and translations from the Italian; we give the names in each language.

Coppe ..	Coeur ..	Herz ..	Hearts.
Spado ..	Piques ..	Schippn ..	Spades.
Danari ..	Carreaux ..	Schellen ..	Diamonds.
Bastoni ..	Trefle ..	Laub ..	Clubs.

At the same the knight was transformed into lady or queen; the striking coincidence of the four divisions of the pack, with the Indian casts, encourages the idea of the eastern origin of this game, an origin which probably might be referred to very distant ages.

The chapters concerning the church festivals, and the pomp and magnificence there displayed, are likewise very interesting; particular chapters are also devoted to music and dancing. It is characteristic of the Roman nations that they are principally devoted to the *pas de deux*, while the northern nations prefer dances of numbers; the Germans, perhaps, hold a medium between both.

At the close this volume contains statistics of the population, by which we observe that it has considerably increased during the last ten years; it is now between twenty-two and twenty-three millions; still a great way from the number of inhabitants in the time of Greece and Rome.

The work of Herr BINZER is of another nature; though we have scarcely felt less pleasure in running through

it, than in passing over MANTEN's more elaborate work. With BINZER the risible muscles are perpetually in action; he sees things in their comic light. On Venice so much has already been said and written, that it would be a matter of some difficulty to produce any thing new; nevertheless, each traveller must have his own way of regarding old objects, and this, if well represented, must always be well received. Concerning the Lagunes and externals of Venice, with which the book opens, there is nothing of much interest to be found; better and more detailed descriptions are to be seen in the work noticed above. The historical reminiscences of the republic, and her great men, are evidently but long extracts from well-known volumes. On the past and present architecture of Venice the writer has much to say; many of his remarks are valuable and sensible, particularly those touching the contrast between modern improvements and additions, and the ancient picturesque style of the antique palaces, whereon these tasteless efforts of modern fancy are generally grafted. He is especially shocked by the mixture of modern-shaped windows in embrasures but little adapted to them. For example, he mentions the Palazzo Pesaro, and the Casa near the Palazza Galvagna, on the Canal de Canareggio. As he observes, it is much to be regretted that among the many projects and improvements at present rife in the city, the simple claims of common sense should be so entirely disregarded. Among BINZER's wanderings through the old churches and palaces we meet with many pleasant notices, some artistic and biographical. Speaking of the church St. Maria Formosa, he says, that in former times all betrothals took place here.

The early Venetians, like the Romans, regarded marriage as the foundation of the state; consequently almost all marriages were performed under the immediate auspices of the state in the then only church of the Virgin. According to some, these ceremonies took place on the Island of Olivolo; to others, on the same spot where now stands, the Maria Formosa. On the day of the purification, the betrothed collected together, dressed in their best, and attended by their friends and relatives. After a grand mass, and impressive harangue on the duties of the marriage state, they were blessed by the bishop; after which the whole city joined in the festivities of the day, which was regarded as a strictly public affair. As Venice increased in strength, numbers, and importance, and this centralization of the ceremony was rendered impossible, its remembrance was kept up by one general festival, known by the name of the Maria Feast. Twelve beautiful maidens, the daughters of poor but honest parents, were yearly dowered by the state, and betrothed in the church of San Maria. During the ceremony these girls were adorned with the jewels and ornaments of the republic, all which were duly returned the same evening. The value of these state jewels was found to have other, and very powerful, claims to attention. In the young days of the republic, a band of pirates from the neighbourhood of Trieste, known by the name of Uscoques, penetrated secretly into the city, and succeeded in carrying off the prize.

Does not this remind us of PLATENS' "Fischermädchen in Burano," where a stirring passage describes the sudden interruption of mass by the rushing in of the robbers? The author indulges in many inquiries concerning the celebrated BUCENTAURO, without, however, coming to any new or very remarkable conclusion. More interesting are his remarks on the multiplicity of pigeons to be seen in the market-place.

No sooner has the second hour after noon been sounded through the city, than you see a whole flock of pigeons thronging thither from all sides; and scarcely has the last stroke of the bell been heard, before hundreds of these winged messengers are seated on the stones of the market-place, close to one another, waiting till their accustomed food is thrown to them; under all circumstances, a more pleasing spectacle than that of the dogs of Constantinople, or the intelligent pigs in the streets of New York, of which Boz speaks in his

"American Notes." One naturally inquires the meaning of this custom; and the question gains in interest when we learn that the birds are never, as in other places, used for food, but rather, like swallows and storks in some countries, are regarded as almost holy—so much so, at least, that a bold sailor, who was induced, it was said, by English gold, to attempt the capture of a pair of pigeons, fell almost a sacrifice to popular fury. There are many reports circulated as to the origin of these doves of San Mark. The following is the most interesting account I have met with:—

In the beginning of the thirteenth century, when Admiral Dandolo (according to others, Trevisand) lay before Candia, it was observed that numbers of pigeons flew from the island in the direction of the Genoese fleet. Dandolo, who was of course fully acquainted with the cunning of the enemy, and the eastern custom of employing these winged messengers, had several of them shot, and discovered on each a paper with a few words, informing the Genoese of the imminent dangers which at this moment threatened the Candiotes. He made use of this important information, and in the following night the island was captured. In the castle of the governor were found many other pigeons, evidently destined to the same purpose; these Dandolo despatched with news of the taking of the isle, and since then this bird has been looked upon by the Venetians as propitious to them, and cherished accordingly. To the end of the republic, the expense of feeding them devolved upon the state; at present, it is defrayed by means of a legacy, left for that purpose to the government by an old patrician lady.

For the benefit and encouragement of artistic travellers, we must extract a few remarks on the antiquary and picture-dealer, SANQUIRICO, in Venice.

A proper description of his museum would fill a goodly volume; I will only, by means of a few touches, endeavour to give the reader a faint idea of its contents. In the first place, for pictures, you have here a Guido Reni, there a Pordenone, here Domenichino, there a Guercino; in short, every thing you can desire, even the rarest and seemingly impossible: among portraits of the doges, that of Marino Faliero, although it is well known, as I have before said, that no portrait of him was preserved in Venice. But desire what you may, no matter what, and Sanquirico will procure it. It must be confessed, that the art of making old pictures has been carried to such perfection, that not only the uninitiated, but respected connoisseurs, are set constantly at fault. They are not content with restoring old pictures, so as to deceive the judgment of the learned; so, hundreds of pictures are purposely prepared, painted in dark colours, then covered with dirt, hung up in damp and smoke, sometimes torn, then mended and cleaned. Certainly this is high art. And it is not otherwise with sculpture: Sanquirico has had the good fortune to penetrate into the private collections of many noble but poverty-stricken families—of course under bond of secrecy—and to bring away with him the finest treasures of art, brought by their ancestors direct from Greece or the East. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that antique statues are found here without number; even fragments of the marvels of Phidias and other things equally extraordinary. And then the endless heaps of old arms, armour, clothes, furniture, odds and ends, dirt and dust, from all ages, and from every individual of distinction that the world has ever seen! If you want the armour of a celebrated crusader, there is, perhaps, only his breastplate there; but Sanquirico is equal to anything; he has agents, they say, every where, and he will discover that the sword is in Paris, the helmet in Naples, the shield in Madrid, and before long all is produced for you; but that requires time, time to send them to the places named, and there time to be packed up with great care and sent back again, with the indisputable post stamp of the spot on the outside. Do you want a lock of Attila's hair, or a few hairs from the beard of First Doge Anaphetus? Sanquirico has them in an antique portfolio. Do you like the portfolio? It was once the property of the terrible Lord of Padua, Francesco Carrara. Ask after the dagger of Henry IV. lost during the tumults of 1797; here is, not the dagger, but the nail on which it hung in the doge's palace. Moreover, here is the pen with which Petrarch would have written his essay on Fate, had not Laura acted as his secretary; the brush which Paul Ver-

nese would not use in painting the Rape of Europa; the tail of the rat which gnawed the corner of Titian's St. Peter, before that picture was restored in Paris; a little bottle of sea water, taken from the Dardanelles at the time of the battle of Lepantis, &c. &c. &c. In short, you cannot give utterance to a wish concerning an antique or fabulous object, but the owner of this museum will procure it for you, if you will but give him time; you might ask for the first kiss which Bonaventuri gave to the lovely Bianca Capello, and he would reflect for a moment seriously before saying that he could not furnish you with the article.

These extracts are, we imagine, sufficient to recommend this little work to travellers and lovers of Italian reminiscences.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Margaret: a Tale.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 583.]

THE author makes hostile demonstrations against some institutions which are held in general regard; against the Sabbath of New England, for example, which so many desire to replace with a Sabbath of their own invention, and which is naturally enough regarded by those who are unaccustomed to it as a heavy and uninteresting day. There is no doubt that, in former times, it was observed with a severity which would not consist with our feelings. This writer has given a representation of it as it was half a century ago, shewing the general sense of relief which pervaded all hearts, particularly those of the children of the community, when the Sabbath sun went down. But does he suppose that the day, with all its gloom, was forced upon our fathers against nature, and in defiance of their taste and choice? On the contrary, it was a true expression of their taste and feeling; and it came into that tragically solemn form, and stood fast in their reverence, because their hearts pronounced it good. It is true, that change in the character and feeling of the community was taking place at the period which this writer so well describes; and he is perfectly right in representing them as groaning under its severe restraints, and submitting to it as a heavy burden, because, when it had ceased to be in harmony with their prevailing spirit, it could no longer do them good as before. It is when in this transition state that he describes it; when it was changing from a Ju-daic stagnation into the interested thoughtfulness and cheerful devotion in which the Sabbath is now spent by those who observe it best. Much speculative wisdom is expended on this subject by some of the lights of our day; sundry doctors maintaining that every day should be a Sabbath, and not appearing to be at all aware that it may result from this principle, if admitted, not that the Sabbath should be dispensed with, but, on the contrary, that it should send its influence through the week, making every day like itself—a result which, we imagine, will not soon come to pass in the history of those who hold it in light esteem. As for the foolishness of their preaching who maintain that it ought to be given to recreation, as it is in some other lands, it is enough to say, that a fiddling and dancing Sabbath might be very much to their taste, but would be rejected with scorn by every enlightened and thoughtful people. What we need is a day of rest to the body in favour of the mind and heart; and it is because the Sabbath answers to this want of our nature, that it exists and will endure, defying all attempts that can be made to displace it from the reverence and affection of cultivated men. We are glad to see that the hostility of this writer turns only against its errors and abuses, and that his ideal is one in which all serious persons would agree. 'It is the Lord's day to us: in the most exalted sense, it is Christ's own day. All days are holy; this is the cream of the week. On the spiritual river where we would ever sail, the

Sabbath opens into clearer water, a broader bay; and we can rest on our oars to get a distincter view of the heavenly hills whither we tend.'

"In one passage of his work, the Sabbath as it was is brought full before us by a few touches of beautiful description.

"It was a Sabbath morning—a June Sabbath morning—a June Sabbath morning in New England. The sun rose over a hushed, calm world, wrapt like a Madonna in prayer. It was The Day as the Bible is The Book. It was an intersection of the natural course of time, a break in the customary order of events, and lay between, with its walls of Saturday and Sunday night on either side, like a chasm, or a dyke, or a mystical apartment, whatever you would please liken it to. Its light, its air, its warmth, its sound, its sun, the shimmer of the dawn on the brass cock of the steeple, the look of the meetinghouse itself—all things were not as on other days. And now, when those old Sabbaths are almost gone, some latent, indefinable impression of what they were comes over us, and wrenches us into awe, stillness, and regret.'

"While we cannot but approve the idea of the Sabbath as our author has here presented it, we cannot say that we have equal confidence in the system of festivals which he has devised in his Arcadian vision; not that they are inappropriate and inconsistent in themselves, but because they are not in harmony with the genius of our people. The same taste which demands and rejoices in the Sabbath, as a day of spiritual thoughtfulness, will not be likely to thirst for recreations. Pleasures are not required by the happy; just in proportion as the blessings of physical and moral existence are generally diffused and enjoyed, will such transient excitement be held in diminished esteem. There could hardly be a severer infliction to a serious and earnest native of New England than to be required to enjoy himself, as it is called. Such a penalty might be advantageously substituted for the treadmill in our prisons; for no person who had once suffered under the discipline would put himself in the way to endure it again. It is not that recreations are not wanted; for, here as elsewhere, they are essential to the healthy activity of the mind and heart. But the same pleasures in which some would disport themselves luxuriously would drive others to their wit's end with weariness and disdain. Men must unbend from their severe cares; but should they lift up their voices to sing 'Away with melancholy,' it would be an immediate signal for that unbidden guest to come. Some of the festivals here suggested would bring their own recommendation with them; such, for example, as that in the spring, when the inhabitants of the village renewed the flowers in the cemetery, transplanted ornamental trees into the streets, and set out shrubbery near their houses. There must be some object and design in a celebration, or it will soon lose its place in the public mind. This is the case already with the Fourth of July, which has fallen into general decline, because it has reference solely to the past, and men do not see any good which its observance is likely to do. And in the great proportion of days and seasons set apart for pleasure, there is a care-worn perplexity and solemn hopelessness in the expression of men's faces, which indicates as plainly as words could do that 'the heart distrusting asks, Can this be joy?'

"But without extending these general remarks, we will proceed to say something of the literary character of the work, so far as it is possible to describe any thing so unequal, disjointed, and full of contrasts and contradictions. It is not a finished or satisfactory work, though it is evidently written by a man of uncommon ability; nor is it pleasing, though there are many passages which one reads with deep interest and delight. Some of the characters are finely conceived, and well sustained in parts, but not self-consistent throughout. The style is often rich and expressive, and again it is slovenly, snap-

pish, and jerking. The writer's statement of his ideas is sometimes clear and sharp as the outline of cut tin, and then shades off into that mystical nothingness in which the imagination comes out and supplies what meaning it pleases. The opinions are in general deliberate, manly, and forbearing; but sometimes they tend to that excess and exclusiveness which so much disgrace the religion and philanthropy of the present day, destroying all their loveliness, and disarming them of half their power. So, too, in his description of the effect of Christian principles, and the result of their application to social disorders, there is something elevated and inspiring; but the impression left on the reader's mind is cold and forbidding, and sympathy is not awakened in any proportion to the strength and sincerity with which these great thoughts are presented. Altogether, we must say that we think more highly of the writer than his work. His talent is unquestionable; but there is evidently something in his mental constitution, or his acquired habits of thought and feeling, which must be changed, before he can make the world acknowledge, indeed before he can himself do justice to, his powers.

"But our impressions of the work can be more easily given by slightly running over the story. It begins with the interior of a cottage or log-hut, inhabited by a drunken bacchanal, known by the name of Pluck, with Brown Moll, his cynical wife; the former engaged in cobbling shoes and drinking rum, the latter in smoking her pipe and weaving. Nothing can be better than the description of this dwelling, with its internal arrangements; in this, and in his descriptions of dress, furniture, manners, and subjects of interest, the writer displays an astonishing familiarity with former days. His work is a perfect magazine of intelligent and faithful antiquarian lore, embracing all things from the *skirt*, as it was called, by corruption, doubtless, from the Scottish *kilt*,—which so imperfectly protected the lower limbs of the wearer, that our December gales must have laughed it to scorn,—to the preparation which was made for the inside plenishing of the head by the spelling-books of Noah Webster and Enoch Hale. The latter of these books was recommended only by its substantial merits, while that of Noah took captive the fancies of children by the graven image of the author in the title page, rising like the day-star from its ocean bed, and succeeded by a representation of the tree of science, which, by an unhappy association, brought up, in the wrong place and time, the vision of orchards and their fruit. It is well that minute circumstances of the kind here set down in various places should be carefully preserved, for they are all expressive; they give a better idea than any thing else of a state of society which has passed away. To us it seems somewhat coarse and simple; not so much so, however, by any means, as it is here represented. But we must remember that this is nothing peculiar to the time itself; fifty years hence, our day will give the same impression to those who follow; our houses and public buildings, our furniture, dress, and decorations, our railroads and hotels, in short, all the appliances of social and domestic life, will be so entirely supplanted and set aside by more modern inventions, that our descendants will often shake their sides, when they hear of the simplicity and rudeness of us, their fathers. So it will be with schools and means of instruction; and yet it will be generally conceded that such schools as new England supplied in a former day, though not quite perfect, were somewhat better than none. Let the same suggestion be applied to churches and religious teaching, and it will not seem so plain as it now is to some minds, that our fathers' views of doctrine and duty, and their ways and forms of devotion, were good for nothing but to be trodden under our feet.

"The most interesting object in the cottage which we

have mentioned was a little girl, the heroine of the story, who was brought to it, while an infant, by Nimrod, the eldest born of the thirsty household, a vagrant by taste and habit, and altogether more free in his language than is tolerated in the better circles. Having entered into the service of a miser in New York, Mr. Girardeau, one of that extensive class who are richer in money than in public respect or domestic affection, he is led to take a friendly interest in the old man's daughter. She had become attached to a Hessian, one of those prisoners who remained in this country after the war, man of thoughtful and tender spirit, which answered to her deep and earnest affections. When she became his wife, they were cast out and persecuted by the angry father, till both found rest in the grave. Their child, who was intrusted to Nimrod to be disposed of in some efficient way, was conveyed by him to his father's cottage, where she became the Margaret of this story, inheriting her mother's depth and determination of character, and her father's tender and thoughtful spirit; not precisely the best outfit, one would think, for such a life and such a home.

"The effect of such companionship as the family supplied was to throw the child on her own resources for happiness. The second son, Hash, as he was familiarly called, by contracting Maharshalalhashbaz, was sullen and unkind; his bearing, on some occasions, is shocking to humanity; and if such words as his were ever spoken in reality, they never should have been written down. The youngest boy, Chilion, was of a much more refined and elevated stamp than the rest of the family; ingenious in his employment, which consisted in supplying the family with their various articles of household use, and skilful as a musician, in drawing out life and eloquence from those unpromising sources, the fife and violin. He felt a deep interest in the girl who was called his sister; he was too reserved to express it in words, but he was affectionately attentive to her wants, and sympathized with her deeper feelings; so that it is not unnatural to represent the child, sustained by such a companion, as growing up with a concentration of thought and feeling not common with those whose minds and hearts are permitted to expand in free communion with their race. The trees and fields became her familiar friends; the hill, which rose suddenly near the house and overhung the pond near which the cottage stood, was invested with a sort of human claim to reverence; and the dark waters from their mysterious depths reflected some undefined suggestions, which affected her the more, perhaps, because they were such as she could not analyze nor understand. The author has skilfully represented the whole family, with the exception, perhaps, of the brutal Hash, as treating her with a sort of respectful tenderness; otherwise, it would have been against nature to describe her as possessing those traits of character which are never found growing except in the sunshine of love.

"She was thus enjoying nature in her way, and coming into deeper familiarity with it by means of mysterious sensations of beauty, grandeur, and power, laying up treasures of profound impression against the self-questioning season of life, which to some arrives early, to some never. We are conscious that the bright star, the crimson cloud, the autumnal red, exert an influence upon us; we begin to ask whence that influence comes. The star, the vapor, and the leaf are inanimate things, having no power of themselves to affect us; since they are lifeless and insensible as the clods of the valley, the influence cannot be theirs. When we begin to sound and explore our emotions, it seems to be the expression of a living heart; it intimates the sympathy of some unseen presence; it arrests attention like some hieroglyphical inscription, speaking to us in a language which we feel has meaning, but which we cannot read. Now, it does seem as

if these voices of nature and the answering echoes which they awaken in the heart might suggest that a mighty Intelligence made it, and a kind Spirit dwells in it, breathing through it his sympathy for the sons and daughters of men; and yet, though benevolence is the prevailing expression, though the face of nature wears a thoughtful smile, seldom darkened by a frown, we cannot find, that, before Christianity, there was any conception of the truth which seems most evidently written in nature, that God is love. And we see in various examples, that such contemplations, if not inspired and guided by Christian principle, produce nothing more than a sentimental thoughtfulness, which has no more of the substantial character of religion itself, than the bank of clouds in the west has the rocky firmness of the mountain ridge which it resembles. Thus imagination points in one direction, while experience travels in the other. And yet, this intimacy with nature may do much, if not all: it may prepare the heart to give a warm welcome to authorized and sure disclosures; and this, perhaps, is all that the author intends to teach.

But Margaret had other teachers than nature, and some whose instructions were not altogether wise and true. The village schoolmaster, who is represented as an absurd old pedant, such as was never seen in New England or any other part of creation, happens to be a sceptic, outwardly conforming to established religious forms, and disguising with solemn grimaces the unbelief and contempt in his heart. He takes an interest in the girl, supplies her with books, such as the time afforded, suitable to her age, and also employs her to gather flowers for his botanical collections. He helps her to some acquaintance with heathen mythology and classical allusions, and by various kind attentions establishes an influence within her which appears to be intended to account for her intellectual opposition to the religious teaching and services of the time; otherwise, it is not natural that a child should have such feelings. The circumstance, that so many persons of various characters, good and bad, unite at times in reverence for an unseen Being, is certainly not calculated to make a child suspicious of their sincerity; and much less would it have the effect to prevent her reverence for the Spirit whom they profess to adore. Such, in fact, is not the tendency in maturer minds which have any sympathy with mankind. They know that there are many who are sincere without being regular or consistent in their devotion, and they discover an explanation of the unevenness and disproportion which they witness in the faith and lives of others from what they find passing in their own."

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A MONSTER KIDNEY.—On Wednesday week the butcher of Dundyvan Store had occasion to kill one of a lot of fine looking stots, purchased at the Glasgow market in the early part of the preceding week. On the animal being opened up, the singular appearance which presented itself took the butcher by surprise, and made him unwittingly exclaim, in his broad accent, "Here's a stot wi' cawf!" The fact is, one of the animal's kidneys had, by some new process of Dame Nature, become so encircled with fat, that it nearly assumed the appearance of a balloon, and measured 44 inches in girth. The weight of this mass of matter was 54 lbs.—*Glasgow Constitutional.*

ANOTHER WHITE WHALE CAPTURED IN THE MEDWAY.—On the 6th inst. another beluga was caught by some Strood fishermen, off the garrison point at Sheerness, and brought to Rochester. It was about half grown, and, as described by naturalists, had not yet attained the generally pure whiteness of a full-grown fish.

On Saturday evening last, whilst fishing over the wreck of the Abergavenny (off Weymouth), Mr. Bayley hooked, and after a considerable time succeeded in capturing, one of the

largest pollock whiting we ever remember to have seen, its weight being nearly seven pounds; in its mouth were three hooks, and attached to them were portions of three lines, which it had broken previous to its capture; the lines were rolled together in the form of a ball, and did not appear to have caused any inconvenience, as the fish was in excellent condition. In its stomach was found a pout whiting entire.—*Poole Herald.*

TWO PERSONS KILLED BY COUPS DE SOLEIL.—The *Liverpool Courier* reports two cases of alleged death from this unusual cause. On Wednesday week a labourer named Wakefield, whilst at work in a field at Kingsley, was what is commonly termed "sun-struck," and died immediately. On the following day, another labourer, named James Burgess, at Netheriton, was killed in the same sudden and dreadful manner. Decomposition is said to have been so rapid, that each of the bodies was a mass of putrefaction an hour after death. Inquests were held, and verdicts in accordance with the evidence were returned.

At the close of a discourse, "On the Surface-Accumulations of Russia and the North of Europe," delivered at the Royal Institution, last week, Sir R. I. Murchison mentioned that, of all the larger mammalia whose bones are found in a fossil state, one species only, the Bison, or *Bos Aurocks*, is still in existence,—and in one forest of Lithuania only. Our readers may remember that a skeleton of the present herd was sent to England by the Emperor of Russia, at the request of Sir R. I. Murchison, a year or two ago; and has been placed in the British Museum. Sir R. I. Murchison, on this occasion, stated, that, having since expressed to His Imperial Majesty the vast interest which would be attached by Englishmen to the presence of a live specimen of this companion of the mammoth in the Zoological Gardens of London, that sovereign has authorized Count de Kisseloff, the Minister of the Imperial domain, to order the capture of a male and female of this race,—for the purpose, if found possible, of transporting them to the Regent's Park. No living *Bos Aurocks* has ever been seen in Western Europe.

REMARKABLE DEATH OF A TIGER.—A magnificent royal tiger, forming part of a travelling menagerie at the fair of Metz, has recently met with its death in a very curious way. In consequence of the blows of a whip or stick received in its youth, it had near the jaw two wens of some size, which no one had ever thought of removing, till a veterinary surgeon of Metz proposed to perform this perilous operation. The offer having been accepted by the proprietor of the menagerie, the tiger was securely fastened down with chains and ropes. The poor animal submitted to this unaccustomed manoeuvre with much quietness; but on the operator entering the cage with his knife, and attempting to perform the operation, the tiger was seized with such extreme rage, that being unable to burst his bonds, congestion of the brain ensued, and he expired in a few seconds. The town has purchased his remains for its cabinet of natural history.

A DEAL-FISH CAUGHT AT ABERDEEN.—There was found in a turbot-net, off Aberdeen, a *Gymnetrus arcticus*, the Deal-fish or Vaagmaer, which is now in Marischal College. It was mutilated in the head by a large crab, which was found adhering to it. Of this fish, obscurely known as a native of the northern seas, the only intimation hitherto given in Britain is by Dr. Fleming, who, in the *Magazine of Natural History*, has presented a description of a specimen found on the shore of Sanday, one of the Orkney Islands.—*Edinburgh Witness.*

SEA-TIGER.—The following is a description of a singular animal lately killed at Guician Bay, within the South Australian boundary, by Mr. Stirling's men, a drawing of which was made by Mr. W. F. E. Liardet on his overland journey from Melbourne to Adelaide, and who gave it the name of the sea-tiger. The whole length of the animal is nearly twelve feet; but the cranium is about one foot long, without any orifice therein for nostrils or blowers; the jaws, which are very powerful, contain in all thirty-two teeth; there are two canines or canine teeth conically formed in the upper, and two in the lower jaw, about two inches long, and very powerful; the back teeth are tri-cuspides, each tooth being in three divisions, the centre one being considerably the longest, and the conical one contains five on each side of the upper and lower jaw. In the upper jaw are four conically formed teeth, the two exterior being much longer than the two centre ones:

this is also the case with the lower jaw, all the teeth in which are smaller than those in the upper. The animal is of the order *Vertebrae*, and has thirteen strong ribs on each side, connected by the cartilage towards their lower connection. The animal is covered with a thin short black fur on the back, and light brown on the belly and sides, with black tiger-like stripes; but the most extraordinary formation of this animal is, that the spine terminates in a spear-like shape, on each side of which it has a tail extending from strong vertebral bones, about two feet long and two and a half inches in diameter, terminated by broad falcated tails, at the edges of which there are on each side three small hooks, similar to those on the wings of a bat. There are only two strong pectoral flippers, and no dorsal or ventral fins.—*Portland Gazette*.

ALLIGATOR OIL.—A letter from St. Augustine, dated April 12, says:—"I suppose that you may not have heard that we have discovered the utility of alligators. An alligator is found to be as valuable as his way as a spermaceti whale. An expedition has left this place for the river of St. John's, and the dark tributary stream of Black Creek, swarming with these hideous creatures, with the view of killing them to obtain their oil. The oil of the alligator is said to be better for lamps than even whale oil, and it is extracted from the animal in considerable quantity and without any great difficulty. For this discovery we are indebted to the Indians, who have been in the habit, for how long a time I know not, of extracting the oil of the alligator and using it for various purposes. It makes a fine transparent fluid and burns admirably. You know how many of these enormous animals are shot out of wantonness from the decks of the steam boats that plough our waters. I expect hereafter to hear of laws passed for their protection. Every time an alligator of eighteen feet long is shot in the long grass of the river banks, or while he is swimming, a barrel or half a barrel of oil, as the case may be, is wasted. This should not be. We must allow them to be killed only at a proper season, when they are the fattest, and not permit their destruction at the season when they lay their eggs. The alligator is a formidable-looking creature, it is true, but he is generally harmless. His office is to prowl in the sluggish waters of this southern region, pick up what he can, and digest it into excellent oil for the illumination of our houses. Alligators will be hereafter esteemed as useful animals as pigs—perhaps more so, for their keeping costs nothing. The danger is, that now that the world has discovered what they are good for, their race will be exterminated."—*Montreal Times*.

ART.

A Critical Dissertation on Professor Willis's Architectural History of Canterbury Cathedral. By CHARLES SANDYS. London, 1846. J. R. Smith.

To the architect and antiquarian this criticism will doubtless offer much curious information, for it abounds in learning. To the general reader it is without interest, and therefore we content ourselves with merely noting it in this record of the progress of publication.

A Few Remarks on the Sculpture of the Nations referred to in the Old Testament, deduced from an Examination of some of their Idols. By JAMES LEGREW, Sculptor. Svo. London, 1846. Whittaker and Co.

The title of this book expresses very fully its purpose and contents; and we have only to add, that the author, through every page, gives continued proofs of the ardour with which he has pursued his inquiries into the subject. He has brought, moreover, to his task, a large fund of learning, much patience in investigation and diligent research, with a considerable share of that acumen without which inquiries of this nature prove time misused, and fruitless of useful results.

We find the following curious details in the *Moniteur des Arts*:—"There exist at Rome secret work-rooms of sculpture,

where the works manufactured are broken arms, heads of the gods, feet of satyrs, and broken *torsos*—of nobody. By means of a liquid there used, a colour of the finest antiquity is communicated to the marble. Scattered about the country are goat-herds, who feed their flocks in the vicinity of ruins, and look out for foreigners. To these they speak incidentally of the treasures found by digging a few feet deep in such neighbourhoods. The English, in particular, are the victims of such mystification; and freely yield their money to the shepherd-herds, who are agents to the *General Artificial Ruin Association*, and know well where to apply the pick-axe. They are careful, however, to spend much time and labour in fruitless search, before they come finally upon the treasure—for which the foreigner willingly pays. England is full of these antiquities of six months' age. Nor do the amateur numismatists leave Rome with empty hands; for in that city are daily coined, without fear of the law, the money of Cæsar, Hadrian, Titus, Heliogabalus, and all the Antonines—filed, pinched, and corroded, to give the look of age. Paris may be said to have hitherto, by comparison with London, escaped this epidemic for the youthful antiquities of bronze and marble—but she is devoured by the forgers of Middle Age antiquities. It is notorious with what skill and impudence certain cabinet-makers manufacture chairs, tables, and footstools of the fifteenth century, and how readily they find dupes. A young antiquarian shewed, lately, with great pride to an artist, a friend of his, a very fine article of Gothic furniture, which he had just bought at great cost. 'It is very fine,' said his friend, after examination, 'and it will last you long—for it is quite new.'"

MUSIC.

Mrs. BISHOP.—This celebrated vocalist, after a tour of some years abroad, and having been a *prima donna* at the Scala and Carlo, is now in London.

SIGNOR BENEDICT'S ANNUAL CONCERT.—Signor BENEDICT's Annual Concert took place on Monday last, and, as usual, it was upon a monster scale. No less than forty-five pieces of music were contained in the programme, and the performers comprised every name of any note now in the metropolis. The house was crammed and the heat overpowering. To name the most remarkable where all was so good, to applaud artists whose names are already world-renowned, would be a pitiful waste of time and trouble. It, however, introduced one new singer, Madame MONTENEGRO, a Spanish lady, with a fine figure, very handsome, plenty of feeling and energy, a good voice, and some science. She sang Rossini's *Una voce* with great effect; and, upon the whole, she struck us as having more capacity for real greatness than any vocalist who has appeared here for the last five years. She is now singing at Drury-lane, where, when the weather is a little cooler, we propose duly to report upon her ability for the stage.

SIVORI.—This celebrated violinist leaves England in September, for an expedition to the United States.

BOCHSIA.—This famed harpist has arrived in London.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The only novelty which we have to report, under this head, is the circumstance of the re-appearance of Miss CUSHMAN at the Haymarket theatre, where she and her accomplished sister are about to repeat the series of performances which proved so attractive on a former occasion. On Thursday evening they repeated the principal characters in *Romeo and Juliet*, and notwithstanding the heat of the weather, attracted a full house. We do not particularly like these impersonations of male characters by ladies, more especially the part of *Romeo*, but the representatives of the SHAKSPERIAN heroes and heroines are now so few in number, that we are glad to have them under any circumstances. Madame THILLON's engagement, as we predicted last week, is turning out a comparatively successful idea; the great feature is that the Haymarket theatre, as we before observed, is exactly adapted, by its size, to enable the audience in every part thoroughly to appreciate the voice, the action, and not least, the eloquent expression of Madame THILLON's face. The Misses CUSHMAN are very tolerably supported; Mr. H. HALL, notwithstanding the "odious comparisons" to which he may be

subjected by those who remember CHARLES KEMBLE and ELLISTON, may be said to have taken a very favourable position in his embodiment of the part of *Mercutio*, and there are Mr. BUCKSTONE and Mrs. GLOVER always excellent in whatever they undertake.

At the Princess's Mr. C. E. HORN, an old and deserved favourite of the public, composer of some of our most charming melodies, took his benefit on Thursday evening. The performances were *Catherine and Petruchio*, the first act of *Der Freischutz*, in which Mr. HORN made his appearance as *Caspar*, and the farce of *No Song, No Supper*; there was besides a concert in two parts, efficiently sustained, by a numerous party of vocalists; among whom were Miss BIRCH, Mrs. C. E. HORN, a very pleasing singer, Mr. C. HORN, junior, Mr. HORN himself, Mr. RANSFORD, and HERR PISCHEK. Mr. MACREADY is continuing his classical representations here. Among them has been his *Richelieu*, in our opinion perhaps the most finished of his impersonations, the one which exhibits all his high art, and is, at the same time, a close copy of nature, for which latter reason it is that we more especially admire Mr. MACREADY in the part, for although his art is invariably apparent in all that he undertakes, he does not always give a fair place to nature. At Covent Garden, Monsieur JULLIEN's concerts] D'Elé have been resumed, and with several additional features of great interest, there being not only an instrumental performance of the highest character, but moreover a selection of vocal music, by eminent artists. For instance, the entertainments on Wednesday comprised the overture to *Oberon*, several quadrilles and waltzes, some new productions by JULLIEN and others, the rest established favourites; a duet by Miss BIRCH and HERR PISCHEK; several songs by Miss BIRCH and HERR PISCHEK, and by HERR HOLZEL, &c. Solos by BARRET, VIEUXTEMPS, one of BEETHOVEN'S symphonies, &c. &c. By some, as it appears to us, unaccountable caprice, M. JULLIEN has again limited the duration of his concerts to one month. The place, we need hardly say, is fitted up with great taste; and M. JULLIEN very judiciously announces that its ventilation is NOT upon Dr. REIN's principle.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT

NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday,

Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Drury Lane—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.

CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Laugham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

ADELAIDE GALLERY, Lowther-arcade, Strand. Daily.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—M. Phillippe's Conjuring, Strand Theatre, every evening—Ethiopian Serendibers, St. James's Theatre, Tuesdays and Thursdays.—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

BRAHMIN DIRGE.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE HINDUSTANI.

Hail to thee, oh Earth!

To thee our brother we command;
For, made of thee, sustained on thee,
He clung to thee even from his birth,
And so to thee returneth at the end!

Hail to thee, oh Fire!

A claim thou hast on him just dead:
Thy influence
Did life dispense;
And so in death
His body hath
A shroud from thee, oh holy Fire!

May thine own purity be shed
Upon his soul, wherever it hath fled!

Hail to thee, oh Air!
Our brother's life was in thy breath,
Which, taken from him, gave to death
His body. Now take thou thy share!

Hail to thee, oh Water!
Thouwert to him an element
Sustaining life: regaining life
Not here; his ashes are dispers'd
Mid'st Fire, Air, Earth; thou, too, oh Water!
Thy share shalt have! His soul hath burst
Away from ye—the influence o'er it spent!

Swansea.

CALDER CAMPBELL.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—It was stated some time ago, that a submarine telegraph was to be laid down across the English channel, by which an instantaneous communication could be made from coast to coast. The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, with a view of testing the practicability of this undertaking, have been pleased to approve of the projectors laying down their sub-marine telegraph across the harbour of Portsmouth from the house of the admiral, in the dockyard, to the railway terminus at Gosport. By these means there will be a direct communication from London to the official residence of the Port Admiral at Portsmouth, whereas at present the telegraph does not extend beyond the terminus at Gosport, the crossing of the harbour having been hitherto deemed an insurmountable obstacle. This want of continuity in the means of conveying official orders to the dockyard has been attended with so much inconvenience, that her Majesty's government had previously given orders for continuing the line of the electric telegraph from the Gosport terminus, by carrying it round the harbour, a distance of six or seven miles. The disadvantage of this arrangement is at once obvious, as there is no railway, or railway police, to protect the lines from accidental or malicious injury, from the spot where they would leave the terminus. The sub-marine telegraph is to be laid down in the course of the ensuing week, and if the working of the plan is found to be successful, this mode of telegraphic communication will be adopted in preference to the more exposed one. The telegraph will be conveyed from the terminus to the water side underground, and after crossing the harbour will again be conveyed in a similar manner to the Admiralty House, it being a sub-terrestrial as well as submarine telegraph. In a few days after the experiment has been successfully tested at Portsmouth, the submarine telegraph will be laid down across the Straits of Dover, under the sanction of both the English and French governments.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

MESMERIC SURGERY.

A surgical operation performed by Dr. Loysel, at Cherbourg, on the 27th of May last, upon a mesmerized patient, has produced in that place an extraordinary sensation.

The particulars, as they appeared in the *Journal de Cherbourg*, signed and attested by the Sous-Prefect, the maritime authorities, the principal medical men, and many distinguished inhabitants of the place, who were present at the operation, are as follows:—

"At 40 minutes past 4 p.m. of the day above named, Dr. Loysel, assisted by Dr. Gibbon and three other medical men, performed, with remarkable talent and complete success, the operation hereafter described, upon a patient named François Baysett, aged 18, who was previously placed in a state of mesmerism and absolute insensibility.

"Since 4 o'clock, the patient, being placed in an arm-chair, had been brought into the necessary state by M. Delente, by whom he had already been several times mesmerized. After about two minutes, the eyes of the patient closed by gentle degrees; the upper eyelids, agitated by a gentle trembling, rested firmly against the ball of the eye, which appeared con-

vulsed under the eyebrow; the muscles of the neck gently relaxed, the head inclined backward, and rested upon the back of the chair. The patient held his arms crossed upon his chest, and his countenance bespoke the most absolute quietude. At this juncture the mesmerizer experimented upon the sensibility of the patient by puncturing his flesh repeatedly, but of which he appeared quite unconscious.

"In the meantime, Dr. Loysel had prepared his instruments, and the medical assistants were ready to aid the operator. At 4 h. 40 m. the first incision was made, extending from the hinder part of the left lower jaw to beneath the symphysis of the chin. The operator then dissected with great caution, and speedily eradicated a mass consisting of seven glands united, of which the largest was of the form and size of an egg.

"The first dissection, notwithstanding the skill with which it was executed, did not last more than 10 minutes, and during that time the patient continued in a state of utter insensibility to pain, his features manifesting no motion, but continuing perfectly calm to such a degree as to denote the total absence of the smallest suffering. Nevertheless, several of the spectators, unable any longer to endure the sight which this dreadful operation presented, quitted the apartment.

"The pulse, of which the state was ascertained previous to the operation, remained the same during and afterwards (84), and the heavings of the chest continued in a regular manner, and in perfect harmony with the beating of the heart.

"After an interval of a few minutes' rest, the Doctor effected a fresh incision on the right side, extracting in the like manner two other glands, the patient remaining the same as during the first operation, maintaining a state of calm immobility altogether inexpressible.

"The two operations lasted altogether, including the interval of repose, 29 minutes. After which one of the spectators, who appeared particularly interested by this phenomenon, questioned the patient in the following manner:—

"How do you find yourself?—Quite well, Sir.

"Do you suffer now; I saw you suffered but a little while ago?—Not at all, Sir.'

"At 31 minutes after 5 the dressing of the wounds commenced, which continued till 3 minutes before 6, when it was accomplished; then every thing calculated to make a disagreeable impression upon the patient was removed from the apartment; and, having washed and adjusted his dress himself, he was awakened by his mesmerizer in less than a minute.

"Restored to the ordinary state of life, with all the apparent calmness of a comfortable existence, the patient declared to the numerous witnesses of the operation, who interrogated him upon the subject, with a lively emotion, that he had no knowledge or recollection whatever of what had just passed, that he was free from pain, and that, without the bandages which enveloped his head, he should have had no idea that the operation had been performed; and after having affectionately thanked the operator, the mesmerizer, and the medical gentleman, he retired and proceeded on foot, and without any support, to his residence at Egneurdreville, about half a league from Cherbourg."—*The Times*.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—The following has been communicated to us by a gentleman of rank, who pledges himself to its literal truth, as having occurred within his own personal observation, and who has left his name and address as a guarantee for any who may doubt the fact related. He says:—"Being present on Tuesday, the 26th of May last, at a mesmeric *soirée* in the house of Madame La Marquise de San Milan Tecmen, 18, Rodney-terrace, that celebrated somnambulist, having been magnetized, abruptly informed a lady, placed *en rapport*, that her sister (residing in the East of England) was very ill. On being questioned as to the nature of the illness, Madame replied, that it was an illness of the liver. The lady *en rapport* then said, that she had heard nothing of this, to which the somnambulist again replied, that she would soon hear of it, *and in the next letter*. 'I expect a letter to-morrow,' said the lady; to which Madame answered, 'You will hear of it *then*.' On the following day the clairvoyance of Madame La Marquise was fully established. The lady above-mentioned received from her sister a letter, which ended by describing a severe bilious attack, that had prevented her from *finishing* the letter until an interval of five days from the time of *commencing* to write it. When the above séance took place here in Cheltenham, the letter could not have been more

than two hours gone from the office where it was *posted*, about 200 miles off."

SURGICO-MESMERIC OPERATION.—Dr. Bostwick last week performed the operation of cutting out a large tumour from under the shoulder of a negro woman, while in a state of mesmerism. During the operation, which was very severe, and occupied three minutes of absolute cutting, with twenty more in dressing (the latter by far the most painful), the patient manifested, by no possible sign, the slightest consciousness of feeling or suffering. After it was all over, and she awakened, she could not be made to believe that the operation had been performed, until the extirpated tumour was brought to her. There could not be the slightest chance of collusion or deception in this case. Such as we have stated, *it was*. We make no comment.—*Morris's National Press, New York.*

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of *half-a-crown* for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

131. CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE OF SAMUEL TROUTBACK to SARAH RHODES, supposed to be about the year 1690; and of B. MOORE (supposed to be Benjamin) to SARAH TROUTBACK, supposed about the year 1706. 25*l. reward for each.*
132. NEXT OF KIN of JOHN DONALDSON, formerly of Marylebone-lane, Oxford-road, but late of Blandford-mews, Manchester-square, Middlesex, shoemaker, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
133. ALFRED ANDERSON, aged 30, who two or three years since (date of advertisement, July 1836) was residing at Varie and Philip-street, New York, U.S. and was at that time mentioned as on the point of marriage to a young lady named Jane Coy. *Something to advantage.*
134. HEIR or HEIRS-AT-LAW and NEXT OF KIN of ELIZABETH BURROWS, late of Liverpool (died 22nd December, 1835).
135. RELATIONS or NEXT OF KIN of ROBERT YOUNG, otherwise ROBERT MOOND, late a mariner on board the merchant ship *Offley*, and a native of New Zealand, who died in England, 3rd May, 1836. *Something to their advantage.*
136. NEXT OF KIN of ELIZABETH TURNOCK, late of Stafford, widow, living at her decease, in the year 1832.
137. LAWRENCE LANNIGAN, otherwise JAMES LAWRENCE, who formerly lived as shopman with the late Mr. Sherman, silversmith, St. James's-street, about the year 1816. *Something to his advantage.*
138. THOMAS MOORE, son of Thomas and Charlotte Moore, and grandson of the late Rebecca Greenleaf. *Something to his advantage.*
139. HEIR-AT-LAW of ISRAEL JAMES HUDSON, late of Dean-street, in the parish of St. Paul, Bristol, Esq. (died Feb. 1835.)
140. NEXT OF KIN of SAMUEL BOURN, late of Castle-street, Oxford-street, Esq. (died Sept. 1834) or their representatives.
141. NEXT OF KIN of PETER COCHRANE, late of Percival-street, Northampton-square, London, Esq. (died July 1835.)
142. NEXT OF KIN and HEIRS-AT-LAW of SUSANNAH LARGENT, late of St. Margaret's, Rochester, widow (died Aug. 1835.)
143. NEXT OF KIN, or other PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVES, of Mrs. MARY ELLIOTT, died at Dorchester, 27th July, 1836, unmarried. She had lived there for the last 40 or 50 years, and it is supposed was born in or near Derby about the year 1744.
144. HEIRS of ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, formerly of Rayleigh, Essex, who left London for New York in the spring of 1833. *Something to advantage.*
145. GEORGE TOMKINS, who about the year 1824 was valet in the service of Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart. of Portland-place, and who afterwards lived with Mr. Campbell, at Birkfield near Ipswich, which last place he is supposed to have left about April 1831. *Something to advantage.*

(To be continued weekly.)

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A stamped copy of THE CRITIC sent by post to any Bookseller, or keeper of a Circulating Library, for his own use, at the cost of the stamp and paper only, on payment of not less than half-a-year's subscription (5s. 5d.) in advance, which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.

OPINIONS OF THE CRITIC.

"THE CRITIC," Journal of British and Foreign Literature and the Arts. Forres: James Murdoch, bookseller.—THE CRITIC is the largest literary journal in Europe. It was commenced with the view of supplying a much needed medium of noticing and reviewing works on general literature, in a style suitable to a periodical conducted under the influence of Christian principle; hence its critiques are embued with elevated moral sentiment; and every thing wearing the semblance of licentiousness, or even frivolity and trifling in newly published works, is fearlessly exposed and firmly repressed. It is moderate in its tone, and liberal in its views; advocating the amelioration of the criminal code, and the introduction of an order of things in accordance with the advanced state of society. A charge has been brought against certain literary periodicals under Cockney (not English) management, that in the review department Scotchmen, however meritorious their works, were handled with unwonted severity, and gross injustice; merely because they were Scotchmen! In this respect THE CRITIC is faultless. The reviews, so far as we have been able to discover, are impartial as well as able. — Forres Gazette.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SALE OF OLD PLAYS.—On Wednesday week a sale by auction of a rare and curious collection of old plays of Shakespeare, Lilly, Marlowe, Nash, Peele, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. &c. the property of the late William Holgate, esq. of the General Post-office, took place at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms, Wellington-street. Some of the "plays" were not more than three or four leaves of old paper, unbound, but fetched large prices, as the following selection of a few will show:—"The Lamentable and true Tragedie of M. Arden of Feversham, who was most wickedly murdered by the means of his disloyall and wanton wife," printed in 1599 (2l. 14s.) "The Tragi Comedio of the Virtuous Octavia, by Samuel Brandon," extremely rare, printed by W. Ponsonby, 1598, sold for 13 guineas. "The History of the Tryall of Chevalry, with the life and death of Cavaliero Dicke Bowyer, as it hath bin lately acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darby," Simon Stafford, 1605, sold for 7l. 10s. "The Pleasant Comedio of Old Fortunatus, by Thomas Dekker: as it was plaied before the Queenes Majestie this Christmas by the Right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham," black letter, 1600, sold for 6l. 10s.; Mr. Rhodes' copy fetched 19l. "Edward III., the Raigne of King Edward the Third, as it hath been plaied about the Cittie of London," first edition, attributed by Capel to Shakspeare, printed in 1599, (6l. 10s.). George Gascoigne, "his whole workes newley compyld into one volume," from the collection printed in 1587, sold for 12l. 5s. "Jack Drum's Entertainment, or the Comedio of Pasquill and Katherine, as it hath been sundry times playde by the Children of Powles," first edition, printed in 1601, sold for 3l. Ben Jonson's, "Poetaster, or the Arraignment, as it hath been acted in the Blache Friers, 1602," sold for 2l. 3s. "Looke about Yow, a pleasant Commedie, as it was lately acted by the right hon. the Lord High Admirall and his Seruants, 1600," sold for 6l. "The Massacre at Paris, with the Death of the Duke of Guise, as it was plaide by the right hon. the Lord High Admirall, his Seruants by Marlowe," no date, sold for 5l. 7s. 6d. "Nobody and Somebody, with the true Chronicle Historie of Elyduce, who was fortunatly three severall times crowned King of England," no date, sold for 8l. 15s.; in 1823 a copy sold for 16l. "A Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia, from the beginning of his Kingdome unto his death," no date, eight guineas. Of Shakspeare's Works:

"A Midsommer Night's Dreame," 1600, 6l. "The First Part of the true Historie of the life of Sir John Old Castle, the good Lord Cobham," first edition, 3l. 11s. "Mr. William Shakespeare, his true Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear and his Three Daughters," Nathaniel Butter, 1608, 6l. 15s. "Poems of Shakespeare," portrait by Marshall, Thomas Cotes, 1640, sold for 5l. 17s. 6d. The other lots sold were equally curious. The sale lasted four days. There were upwards of 100 lots, comprising many thousand plays, old ballads, &c. of Shakespeare, Massinger, and their contemporaries sold, all of which fetched good prices. Among those sold the last day, the following are worthy of notice:—The Countesse of Pembroke's "Yaychurch, conteining the affectionate Life and unfortunate Death of Philis and Amintas de Abraham Fraunce," 1591, sold for 6l. "Alexander Campasp and Diogenes, the mooste excellent Comodie, played before the Queenes Maiestie on twelfe day at night by her Maiestie's children and the children of Powles," by John Lilly; first edition 1584, sold for 4l. 17s. "The Death of Robert Earle of Huntingdon, otherwise called Robin Hood of Merrie Sherwood," black letter, 1601, sold for 3l.; a copy, sold a short time since, fetched 12l. 15s. "Nicholas (N.) Commedia, a Book in Rhyme, containing an Enterlude of Myndes witnessing the Man's fall from God and Christ;" no place or date; a note in the Catalogue states that the book is exceedingly rare; the author, Nicholas, was the founder of a sect called the Family of Love, but his works were so obnoxious to Queen Elizabeth, that a proclamation was issued, ordering them to be burnt, and all persons having them in their possession to be punished; a copy in Mr. Rhodes' sale fetched 16l.; this one sold for 2l. 18s. "The Famous Historie of the Life and Death of Captain Stukely, with his Marriage to Alderman Curteis's Daughter, and Valiant Ending of his life, and the Battaille of Alcasar;" black letter and very rare, 1605, sold for 8l.; a copy of this rare play at Mr. Rhode's sale fetched 28l. 10s. "Taylor the Water Poet, all his Workes," 63 in number, printed in 1630; sold for 12l. "The Tragedie of Tancred and Gismund," R. Wilmot; compiled by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple, 1592: a fine copy from the Heber Collection, the British Museum, and the Bodleian copies being the only perfect ones known; sold for 8l. 12s. "The Wisdome of Dr. Dodopoll, as it hath bene sundie times Acted by the Children of Poules;" T. Creed, 1600; sold for 4l. 9s. "The excellent Tragedie of the Merchant of Venice, by W. Shakspeare;" J. Roberts, 1600; sold for two guineas. "A Yorkshire Tragedy, not so new as lamentable and true; W Shakspeare;" printed for T. P. 1619; 3l. 1s. "A most excellent and pleasant conceited Comedy of Sir John Falstaffe and the Merry Wife of Windsor, with the Swaggering Vaine of Ancient Pistol and Corporall Nym;" printed for A. Johnson, 1619; sold for 2l. 11s.

SALE OF THE LIBRARY AND COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS OF THE LATE W. UPCOTT, ESQ.—On Monday the sale of the extensive library and collection of manuscripts, autographs, and state papers of the late W. Upcott, Esq., formerly librarian to the London Institution, was commenced at Messrs. Evans's auction-rooms in New Bond-street. Bowden's "Memoirs of J. P. Kemble," published in 1825, in two vols. at one guinea, sold for four guineas, in consequence of its being extensively illustrated with scene prints, play-bills, and newspaper cuttings referring to Kemble. The same author's memoirs of Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Inchbald, similarly illustrated, sold for 3l. 12s. and 4l. 15s. Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," published in 1810 at about 10s. sold for 4l. 4s. from its containing portraits and autograph letters of Charles Lamb, S. Rogers, Wordsworth, Sydney Smith, &c. Icon Basilike, the portraiture of his Sacred Majesty Charles I., Richard Evelyn's copy, sold for 2l. 13s. The other lots sold consisted principally of old catalogues of book sales, which fetched large prices, and broadsides relating to balloons, newspaper cuttings, &c. The following are deserving of notice on account of the high prices they realised:—George Daniel's "Merrie England in the Olden Time," in 2 vols. published in 1842 at 1 guinea, sold for 10l. the late proprietor having added to the volumes a large quantity of drawings, prints of places and persons mentioned in the work, &c. sufficient to form 8 vols.; Davies' "Life of Garrick," illustrated with autograph letters of Garrick, Sheridan, Colman, Mrs. Abing-

don, &c. 3*l.* 10*s.*; "Dibdin's Reminiscences," illustrated with portraits, views, and autograph letters of dramatic writers, actors, and musical composers alluded to in the work, 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; a Volume of Tracts relating to the case of Eliza Fenning, with her autograph and various handbills and advertisements relating to her, 1*l.* 8*s.*; "Brief report of the Militarie Services done in the Low Countries by the Earle of Leicester, written by one who served in good place there," with an original document signed by the Earl of Leicester, relating to monies paid on the militia service,—a small tract, 2*l.*; "John Evelyn's Memoirs and Correspondence," edited by Brayley, most extensively illustrated with portraits, topographical prints and autograph letters, 18*l.*; "Private Correspondence of David Garrick," extensively illustrated with portraits, scene prints, autographs, &c. 6*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* Lewis's "History and Topography of St. Mary Islington," a small book published in 1842 at about 10*s.* but extensively illustrated with original drawings, prints and autographs, 1*l.* 5*g.* Another history of the same place, by Nelson, 5 guineas, and a collection of scraps and newspaper cuttings, mounted, and referring also to Islington, 3*l.* 5*s.* Boswell's "Life of Johnson," 3 volumes, unbound, illustrated with portraits, prints, autograph letters, and curious printed papers referring to Johnson, 11 guineas. "Johnsoniana," a curious collection of portraits, prints, and autograph letters of Madame D'Arblay, Dugald Stewart, George Colman, &c. sufficient to form 3 volumes, 12*l.* 5*s.* Another lot, consisting of cuttings from magazines and newspapers, relating to Dr. Johnson, and illustrated with 50 different portraits of the Doctor, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* "Evelyn (John), Memoirs illustrative of his Life and Writings," one of two copies taken off on large paper, 17*l.* 10*s.* The last lot in the day's sale worth notice was "Parabella de l'Architecture Antique et de la Moderne," R. Freast, made valuable in consequence of its having been presented by the Earl of Cork to Dean Swift, and having inserted the following by the noble earl and the dean—"I give this book to Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, in order to constitute him the director of architecture in Ireland, especially upon my own estate in that kingdom.—Corke Burlington, June 27, 1726. Witness, A. Pope." Which book I do hereby give to my ingenious and worthy friend (Francis Bindon, esq.), hereby delegating him director of architecture through all Europe, 3 guineas.

Miss Frances Mary Goodacre, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Goodacre, formerly master of the Standard Hill Academy (Nottingham) has received a literary degree from the Institute of France, which was conferred after an examination of candidates recently held at Paris, where of course the proceedings would be entirely in the French language. [A distinction very rarely conferred on a foreigner, and a female.] —*Nottingham Paper.*

At Paris, the Academy of Sciences has elected M. Jacobi, the geometrician of Berlin, to fill up the vacancy occasioned in its list of foreign members by the death of the astronomer Bessel.—The opening sitting of the Congress of the Institut Historique was held on Sunday, at the Hotel de Ville; and M. E. Deschamps delivered, on the occasion, what is described as an eloquent and philosophical discourse on the influence of the spirit of France upon Europe during the last two centuries.—The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences held its annual public sitting last week, M. Dunoyer presiding. The prize on the *Théorie de la Certitude* was awarded to M. Javary, Regent of Philosophy at the college of Libourne; but the prize in morals and that in political Economy and Statistics were neither of them earned, and both stand over till the year 1848. M. Mignet, the perpetual secretary, closed the proceedings of the day with an eulogium upon the life and works of M. Comte.

AFRICAN TRAVELS.—*The News* from Malta of the 14th notices the safe return of Mr. James Richardson from the interior of Africa, Fezzan, and Tripoli, having accomplished his perilous journey in a manner the most extraordinary and satisfactory by a new route. He traversed the country without arms to defend himself against the attacks of his enemies, or presents to conciliate the good opinion of the chiefs he visited. He has not, however, entirely accomplished the object he had in view on starting, owing to the wars which raged in different parts, occupied by different tribes, through which he would have had to pass.

St. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.—This interesting relict of London in the "olden time," has been for some two or three years pronounced unsafe, and a subscription was commenced for the purpose of repairing and restoring it to its original state. The subscription, however, advanced very tardily, and the only progress made in the work was the erection of some scaffolding. But a few days ago the workmen began operations in good earnest, and it is to be hoped that sufficient funds have been, or will be, raised to complete so laudable an undertaking. This structure inconveniences no one, it has stood for centuries, and by the judicious expenditure of few hundreds of pounds, may be rendered secure for centuries to come. Before the dissolution of monasteries, St. John's-gate was the entrance to the priory of St. John, of Jerusalem, one of the richest establishments of the kind in Europe. For a hundred years or more it was rendered familiar to a large portion of the public—to countless thousands, who never beheld the object in reality—by the facsimile of it on the covers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It was on this spot that Cave first published that venerable Father of the Monthlies, *Sylvanus Urban*; and it was here that Dr. Johnson became its principal contributor. It would be, therefore, almost sacrifice to permit so unrivalled a memento of past times to fall into ruins, or to be swept away, for the want of a comparatively insignificant sum of money to renovate it and keep it in a state of preservation.

EFFECTS OF READING THE "JUIF ERRANT."—We read the following in the *Osservatore Triestino*:—Inspired by the perusal of the *Juif Errant* (the *Wandering Jew*), an inhabitant of Hermannstadt has deposited in the savings bank the sum of 100 florins, of which he has disposed by will as follows:—When the compound interest of that sum, joined to the capital, shall have produced 12,000,000 florins (which will happen at the expiration of 300 years), 1,000,000 florins will be employed in raising at Hermannstadt a church for the service of the reformed religion; 1,000,000 florins in founding a normal school for the primary instructors and the notaries of the town; 1,000,000 florins in the establishment of a hospital; and 2,000,000 florins in the creation of a model farm and a school of agriculture. The remainder will be appropriated to the paving of the streets, and the construction of a railroad leading to the best quarries in the neighbourhood of Hermannstadt, in the amelioration of the wages of the labourers of the commune, and of the master-workmen of German origin. 1,000,000 florins will be appropriated to the embellishment of the town, 2,000,000 florins will be distributed in works of charity, according to the spirit of the age, and finally, the descendants of the founder will be summoned to divide the last million, on condition that they establish their relationship by legal proofs. Here is a man who gives importance to the science of the genealogists. It is to be hoped that the legacy will not, as in M. Eugene Sue's romance, provoke the crimes and mischievous machinations of the artful and designing Jesuits.

Miss Martineau's *Settlers at Home* has just found a translator, or rather, what is of more consequence, the German version of her book has found a publisher. The lady who undertook the translation could find no bookseller that would take it unless ushered into the world by a well-known German name. The *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung* has a long and favourable critique upon her writings, and says, "She is rather a somewhat hard, concise, puritanical woman, who wanders about her territory with sure step and sure eye, as little allowing herself to be deceived by false glitter as she herself will deceive by it. The extravagancies of the world of sentiment are foreign to her; she does not wish to excite, but to calm. As little as she is inclined to varnish over real misery, or palliate wicked impulses, just as little will she suffer herself to exaggerate a state of want, or to paint criminal tendencies blacker than they really are. But she lays bare the corruption of social circumstances, and of the heart, that she may in a plain manner put into our hands the means by which men in general, and every man in particular, may aid himself. Although an English woman, yet removed from all bigoted orthodoxy, she teaches the Christian moral law, 'Let not evil overcome thee, but overcome evil with good.' In many of her writings on political economy she is in direct opposition with the existing order of things, but her attacks are not of a destructive sort."

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From June 13 to June 20.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Almanack of the Month, edited by G. A. A'Beckett, Vol. I. Jan. to June, 1846, 32 mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Adams's (J. R.) The "Iron Duke's" Veterans, a Poetical Memoir of the Waterloo Heroes, scap. 1s. 6d. cl.—Adams (John) on Ejaculations, 4th edit. with additions, roy. Svo. 18s. bds.

Barrington's (Hon. and Rev. L., M. A.) Widow of Nain and other Lectures on Scripture, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Bernard's (Sir T. Bart.) Comforts of Old Age, with Biographical Illustrations, 6th edit. 4to. 8s. cl.—Baxter's, (J. A. M. A.) Church History of England, 2 vols. post Svo. 16s. cl.—Bloomfield's (Rev. S., D.D.) Epitome Evangelica, a Selection from the Greek Testament, with Clavis, &c. 18mo. 4s. cl.—Brewer's (Rev. E. C.) Arithmetical and Commercial Tables, 12mo. 6d. swd.—Burns's Fireside Library, complete in 35 parts, 12mo. 2l. 2s. swd. 3l. 3s. cl. gilt.—Bursem's (Capt. R.) Peep into Toorkisthan, with map and 4 plates, Svo. 8s. 6d. cl.

Calvin and Servetus, an Historical Enquiry, chiefly translated from the French, by the Rev. W. K. Tweedie, scap. 3s. 6d. cl.—Coley's (Dr. J. M.) Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Children, Svo. 14s. cl.—Comstock and Hoblyn's First Book of Astronomy, 12mo. 1s. cl.; Ditto First Book of Natural Philosophy, 12mo. 1s. cl.

Duan's (Rev. C. B.) Infancy and Parental Love, a Poem, Svo. 6s. cl.—Death and the Magdalen, and other Poems, by the author of "Cresus," scap. Svo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Elliott's (Rev. E. B.) Horæ Apocalypticæ, or Commentary on the Apocalypse, Critical and Historical, 2nd edit. revised, corrected and improved, with Indices, 4 vols. Svo. 2l. 5s. cl.

Friendship's Forget-me-Not, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.

Halsted's (Miss C. A.) Investigation, or Travels in the Boudoir, 3rd edit. scap. Svo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Herbert's (George) Works in Prose and Verse, 2 vols. Svo. 21s. cl.—Holthouse's (Henry J.) New Law Dictionary, 2nd edit. enlarged, crown Svo. 12s. bd.

Jerrold's (Douglas) Shilling Magazine, Vol. III. fe. royal, 7s. cl.

Lamb's (E. B.) Studies of Ancient Domestic Architecture, imp. 4to. 25s. h. bd.—Lardner's (Dr.) Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. CXXXIII. "Moore's History of Ireland." Vol. IV. completing the work, fc. Svo. 6s. cl.—Lays from the Cimbric Lyre, with various verses, by Goranova Camilan, fc. Svo. 5s. cl.

Martin's (Miss) Memoirs, 3rd edit. 12mo. reduced to 6d. swd.; 1s. cl.—McGillivray's (Prof. W.) Manual of British Birds, 2nd edit. with appendix, 12mo. 7s. cl.—Morell's (J. D.) Historical and Critical Review of Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the 19th Century, 2 vols. Svo. 21s. cl.

New Library of Useful Knowledge, "The Young Clerk's Manual," 12mo. 6d. swd.

Poor (The) Cousin, a Novel, edited by author of "The Scottish Heiress," 3 vols. post Svo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Posy of Divinity, 18mo. reduced to 1s. 6d. cl.—Pollok's (R.) Tales of the Covenanters, with Biographical Sketch of the Author, by the Rev. A. Thompson, 4th edit. 18m. 3s. 6d. cl.

Rockite's (by Charlotte Elizabeth, 4th edit. enlarged 12mo. 4s. cl.—Roberts' (Miss M.) Progress of Creation Considered, 4th edit. fc. Svo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Saunders's Practice of Summary Convictions before Justices of the Peace, by T. W. Saunders, esq. Barrister-at-Law, fc. Svo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Simpson's (Rev. R.) Traditions of the Covenanters, new edit. in 1 vol. fc. Svo. 5s. cl.—Short's (T.) executor's Account Book, 4to. 6s. cl. 7s. 6d. roan.—Strauss's (Dr. D. F.) Life of Jesus, Critically Examined, translated from the German, 3 vols. Svo. 36s. cl.

Tales of Shipwrecks and Adventures at Sea, cr. 4to. 7s. 6d. cl.—Thomson's (Dr. A.T.) Philosophy of Magic, Prodigies, and Apparent Miracles, from the French of Salverte, 2 vols. Svo. 28s. cloth.

Ullman's (Prof.) Worship of Genius, and Distinctive Character of Christianity, translated from the German, by Lucy Sandford, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Waylen's (Rev. E.) Ecclesiastical Reminiscences of the United States, Svo. 14s. cloth.—Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary of

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